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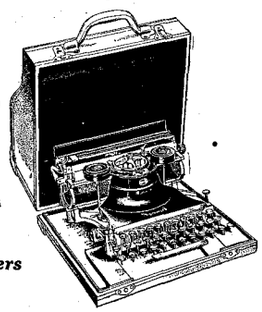

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The Outlook

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Vol. 118 March 27, 1918 No. 13

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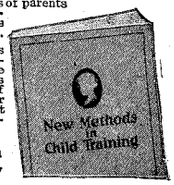

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The Outlook

MARCH 27, 1918

Offices, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

On account of the war and the consequent delays in the mails, both in New York City and on the railways, this copy of The Outlook may reach the subscriber late. The publishers are doing everything in their power to facilitate deliveries

A GERMAN-MADE PEACE

The Supreme War Council of the Allies, now in session in London, lost no time in branding the peace agreement dictated by the Germans and accepted by a large majority in the All-Russian Soviets' Congress at Moscow as a culmination of Germany's political crimes against Russia. It refused to recognize the forced treaties made in the name of Russia and Rumania and declared: "We are fighting and mean to continue fighting in order to finish once for all with this policy of plunder and establish in its place the peaceful reign of organized justice."

The assembly at Moscow does not, in point of fact, in any true sense represent "All Russia." On this point we may quote from a letter in which Mr. George Kennan, whose knowledge of Russian affairs is as complete as that of any American, says in reply to an inquiry from The Outlook: "The Soviet of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates, in any city, town, or village, does not represent the people of that city, town, or village. It represents mainly the industrial proletariat and the peasant soldiers. Business men, professional men, all the landed proprietors, all the so-called 'intelligentsia,' all the Constitutional Democrats, Octobrists, Progressives, and Monarchists are excluded. There is a sprinkling of Social Revolutionists (pro-war Socialists of the Kerensky type), but they are outnumbered by the Bolsheviki nearly 20 to 1 (732 to 38). Consequently the 'Congress of Soviets' in Moscow is not in any sense of the words a national assembly. It consists of representatives of only one social class, and ninety-eight per cent of these representatives are from one political party."

The only other important acts of the Congress were its decree making Moscow the capital and its reply to President Wilson's message of sympathy, printed in full in The Outlook last week. The reply was formal in its paragraph of appreciation, and even that part of the reply had a reference to "the laboring and exploited classes in the United States," while the main resolution expressed the "firm conviction that the happy time is near when the laboring classes in all *bourgeois* countries will throw off the capitalistic yoke and establish a Socialist state of society, which is the only one capable of assuring a permanent and just peace as well as the culture and well-being of all who toil."

While the Germans have been making peace in Moscow they have been making war in southern Russia. Under the pretense of establishing order in the Ukraine they have seized the great port of Odessa, on the Black Sea, and the port of Nikolayev—even more important than Odessa as a grain center. Thus Germany establishes a strong control over the Black Sea and over the food supplies of southern Russia. In thus seizing and invading the Ukraine the Germans have not hesitated to fight and kill the Red Guards of the Bolsheviki with whom they have been simultaneously making peace in Central Russia. If any evidence were needed to prove the right and necessity of Japan's taking a part in the Siberian situation, these facts would suffice.

Another cause for action by Japan, and one that is a perfectly sound *casus belli*, appears in the reports of the murder of a number of Japanese subjects at Blagovyeshtchensk, a Siberian town on the Amur River five hundred miles north from Harbin. Japan is acting with moderation and restraint; up to March 19 she had made no overt move, although mobilization of her army was under discussion and a political crisis was possible.

JUNKERS AND SOVIETS

A correspondent writes:

> Will you please have an article prepared for The Outlook telling us, your readers, who comprise the "Junker" class of Germany—also what are the Soviets of Russia. I have asked some intelligent persons, including an editor of an important magazine—all answer, "I don't know."

As we understand it, the word "Junker" is an East Prussian corruption of *jung Herr* (which may be Englished Young Gentleman) and is applied to the scion of a noble house which has always devoted itself to military service. The ancestors of the modern Junkers were the feudal nobility of East Prussia, inhabiting lands not originally German. The military Junker nobility became one of the pillars of Prussianism, the other being the bureaucracy. Bismarck was a good example of a Junker.

The word "soviet" (pronounced approximately "so-vyet," with the accent on the second syllable) is equivalent to our word "coun*sel*" (advice) and "coun*cil*" (an assemblage of people, temporary or permanent, for consultation); but in Russian the same word serves for both. It was so as well in early English. The distinction between "coun*sel*" and "coun*cil*" in our language is comparatively modern. "Soviet" means primarily "advice." It was the name of the old Russian Cabinet, and also of the upper house of Parliament under the old régime.

The word "soviet," however, is not used in Russia to designate a town council or a zemstvo. The town council (meaning a board of aldermen) is always called a duma (from *dumat*, to think), and the word "city" or "town" is added to it to distinguish it from the Imperial Duma, or lower house of Parliament. Consequently there are many municipal dumas in Russia as well as the national or Imperial Duma, the lower house of Parliament. Neither is the word "soviet" applied to a zemstvo. "Zemstvo" is derived from *zemlya*—land—and means primarily an assemblage of land holders or owners. With these two exceptions the word "soviet" is applied to any body of men that we should call a "council," as, for instance, the Soviet of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates.

THE DUTCH SHIPS

Although a large number of Dutch vessels have been sunk by Germany's submarines and mines, so that Holland has had just cause over and over again for war against Germany, Holland is in the almost pitiful situation of a country which by policy puts neutrality and detachment from hostile complications above almost anything else, and is, moreover, open to frightful devastation if she asserts her rights against Germany. Therefore, although Holland has been willing to make a friendly agreement with the United States as to the use by this country of Dutch ships now in American waters, Germany's threats, which, according to the cable despatches, have been definite and extreme, have prevented Holland from assenting to all the terms of the agreement.

Accordingly, the United States is, as we write, expected at any moment to take over these Dutch ships, to use them with proper regard to their ownership, to pay for their services, and to employ the vessels, whether under charter or under seizure, for the transport of food to our Allies and to Holland itself (although Germany has threatened to cut off Holland from commerce altogether if she assents to this use of her ships), and

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thereby to relieve other vessels for the transport of troops and supplies and for general commerce.

The right to take over ships in this way is well recognized in international law. A discussion of the law of angary will be found in The Outlook for March 31, 1915. It is defined by Dr. Oppenheim in his work on international law as "the right of belligerents to make use of, or destroy in case of necessity, for the purpose of offense and defense, neutral property on their own or on enemy territory, or on the open sea." Of course compensation must be made to owners, and the circumstances under which the right may be exercised are those under which private enemy property on land may be taken, as when horses or grain are taken from enemy non-combatants by an advancing army and compensation is given. It has been pointed out that Germany itself exercised this right in this war when it took possession of a battle-ship which Greece, then a neutral country, had under construction at Kiel. In the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 Germany more than once seized neutral property under this power.

There are said to be sixty-eight Dutch ships, with a tonnage of 470,000, in American ports which may be taken over, and the total tonnage of Dutch ships in Allied ports which may be used is put at 600,000. If this tonnage is all taken, Holland would still have a tonnage of 2,000,000 for her own use. The largest Dutch ship in this country, the Nieuw Amsterdam, of the Holland-American Line, is already under an agreement for use jointly by the United States and Holland and will not be affected by the seizure.

ENLARGING THE NATIONAL ARMY

Naturally, the young men who are likely to enter the National Army this year are anxious to know when and how the new quotas will be called out. At present the Provost Marshal General is awaiting, evidently with some impatience, the action of Congress. Legislation must precede the making of exact plans. Proposed changes in the law were put before Congress last January, and there is also a bill for the drafting of those who have become twenty-one since the first law was passed; but up to March 19 no action has been taken.

A tentative statement has been made by the Provost Marshal General, General Crowder, however, which indicates the general methods to be pursued. The notable thing about this plan is that it is to apply the selective idea in such a way as to interfere as little as possible with the industrial and agricultural needs of the country. The selective principle has already been applied in one way through the classification based upon the questionnaires described some weeks ago in The Outlook. Under this system all men now liable to service between twenty-one and thirty (inclusive) have, by their answers, really classified and graded themselves. Class 1 will furnish the new levies, but according to the proposed law the men are not to be called out indiscriminately without regard to labor questions. Thus a local board may transfer a man actually engaged in farming to the foot of its quota. If enough men are passed, he will not be called out at all unless it is shown that he has ceased to work on the farm or has deceived the board.

Furthermore, if Congress passes enabling legislation, furloughs may be granted to men already in the army to enable them to engage in agricultural and industrial work.

Still another plan is that young men of draft age may be inducted into the service and sent to colleges and technical schools to be instructed until they have attained such proficiency as will justify their assignment to special units in the service which require technical skill. General Crowder states that he has already called upon the States for ten thousand skilled artisans to go into special branches of the service, and will soon call for ten thousand graduates of grammar schools, the latter to go to technical schools for a two months' course of training.

The basis upon which the quotas of the States will be fixed is one of the questions at issue in Congress. In the first draft it was argued that some localities were called on for an unduly large number of men because account was not taken of the fact that they had a disproportionate number of enemy aliens.

The total which General Crowder assumes as a basis for computation is 800,000. The purpose is to call the men out in relatively small groups throughout the year. No more men will be called than can be "properly accommodated and properly assimilated." Some men in the deferred classes (that is, lower than Class 1) may be called for special reasons.

ON THE WESTERN LINE

Once more the French have struck at the German lines in the Verdun sector. The fighting on March 15 was over a mile in width and was fierce in its hand-to-hand encounters and in artillery pounding. It took place on the front west of Avocourt on the west bank of the Meuse.

Activity continues at the points held by Americans on the western front. Invariably the reports of German raids resisted or of similar attacks made by our Army declare that the American troops are showing skill and resourcefulness as well as courage. Another list is published of soldiers who have been honored by the French commanders for fine conduct on the battlefield. The total number of Americans killed in action in military operations since the beginning of the war to March 19 was 372; this does not include those who have died from wounds after an interval, nor those who have died from accident or disease. The total is larger than that of the entire number of men killed in our war with Spain, but of course this does not take into account the actual number of men engaged in fighting, nor the magnitude and character of this war's military operations.

Secretary Baker, of our War Department, is visiting the reception ports and docks, and has expressed his wonder at the immensity of the work and the vastness of the equipment made by American engineers for docking and unloading our ships.

What appears to be an authorized press statement from the War Department at Washington gives an optimistic view of speeding-up processes in the shipment of troops. The despatch states that, "according to authoritative information from the War Department," troops are now being sent to France faster than at any previous time, and that "concerning numbers, the only permissible statement is that Secretary of War Baker's promise of half a million men in Europe early this year is being fulfilled, and that there will be ample means of getting 1,500,000 troops in France before next January." Special credit, according to this despatch, is given for this improvement to Major-General Goethals, Quartermaster-General of the Army, who is in charge of the transport facilities.

GOLF AT 8:30 P.M.

At last both houses of Congress have passed the Daylight Saving Bill and the President has signed it.

By its provisions the territory of the United States is to be divided into five zones, approximating the zones now established by the railway companies; in each zone at 2 A.M. of the last Sunday in March of each year the clock is to be advanced one hour and at 2 A.M. on the last Sunday in October of each year is to be set back.

Thus, after a century and a half, we shall have heeded the implied suggestion in Benjamin Franklin's autobiography. He wrote:

> In walking through the Strand and Fleet Street one morning at seven o'clock I observed there was not one shop open, though it had been daylight and the sun up above three hours; the inhabitants of London, chusing voluntarily to live much by candlelight, and sleep by sunlight, and yet often complain, a little absurdly, of the duty on candles and the high price of tallow.

In England there is a Daylight Saving Law now, with a resultant saving of many million dollars' worth of fuel. In this country the new Act will save at least a million tons of coal, it is said, because of the smaller consumption of fuel in the evening for artificial light on electric railways, in theaters, hotels, and elsewhere.

In addition, we begin the day's work earlier, and therefore have more time for gardening at the end of the day; indeed, a well-known authority has stated that the adoption of daylight saving may add even as much as fifty per cent to the value of the home garden enterprise and to the amount of food produced. Thus, with the necessity of increasing the food supply for

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ourselves and our allies, the new Act is a war measure of inestimable benefit.

By it the ordinary worker has had presented to him no less than 214 hours of daylight leisure. He begins his day's work an hour earlier and finishes it an hour earlier, with the extra daylight for his gardening or for the tonic of athletics and recreation, for the enjoyment of parks and the countryside, for tramping and cycling and motoring. An American lad, hearing of the new Act, exclaimed, "Why, I can now play golf right up to half-past eight at night!" As to baseball, many clubs expect to begin ball games at 4:30 instead of 3:30. This will give more "fans" a chance to see games than ever before, and, under the daylight saving plan, it is expected that the game is now facing its greatest season.

Although by the new order of things a man may get up at seven o'clock on April 1 and start for work at eight, in reality, by sun time he will have risen at six and started for work at seven. He will thus be using an hour of daylight in the morning which, as Franklin noted, used to be thrown away. He may think that nothing has been changed except the clock; but, unless we are much mistaken, there will be an improvement in his health, because his work will begin in a cooler hour and close sooner after the "heat meridian," when labor is more exhausting, because his eyestrain will be less, and because he will spend more time in the fresh air at the end of the day. There will also be an improvement in his gardening output, in his golf score, and, above all, in fuel conservation. As never before he will realize the value of daylight.

THE NEW HOUSING BILL

By the new housing law (the Fletcher Law) housing constructions at shipyards such as those at Hog Island, near Philadelphia, at Newport News, Virginia, Sparrows Point, Maryland, Wilmington, Delaware, Newark, New Jersey, Newburgh, New York, and Bridgeport, Connecticut, will be supervised by the Government through the Emergency Fleet Corporation. Housing matters in other branches of industrial activity connected with the National defense have by executive order been placed in the hands of the Department of Labor. The Secretary of Labor has appointed as Director of Housing Mr. Otto M. Eidlitz, a large New York contractor of executive ability, and recently Chairman of the Housing Committee of the Council of National Defense.

Mr. Eidlitz recognizes that he is doing a good deal more than merely building houses for mechanics; he is establishing a new standard of community living. For if the bill introduced by Representative Maher, of New York, and favorably reported, passes Congress, the Secretary of Labor will be authorized to act with all the powers which the new Shipyard Housing Law gives to the Emergency Fleet Corporation, and also to "enter into any arrangement or contract incidental thereto, through such agency or agencies as he may create or designate." This would, we think, give authority to construct such appropriate community facilities as sewer and water systems and perhaps to construct transportation facilities.

The munition and other works with Government contracts throughout the country would be immensely helped by the passage of this bill. We should then be solving the housing problem on a scientific basis. The Government is now realizing, we are sure, the ultimate economy, not only in acceding to the laboring man's natural desire to live near his work, but also to live in a good house, thus saving the enormous losses involved in temporary structures and giving to our whole industrial edifice a great advantage in the competition sure to follow in times of peace. One suggestion is that the Government assure the worker that his rent will be based rather on his wage than on the cost of his house, any adverse balance being assumed by the Government as war cost.

Thus the passing of the Housing Bills should benefit every one concerned except real estate speculators.

THE DEATH OF JAMES STILLMAN

James Stillman, one of the most eminent and influential of the modern school of American bankers, died unexpectedly after a brief illness at his home in New York City on March 15. Mr. Stillman's aversion to publicity was so strong that the public knew less about his personality and achievements than it did about some of his contemporaries in the field of finance. But financiers and even the Government relied upon his sound judgment and sterling character in more than one National exigency.

He began his business career as a cotton merchant, but his interests soon broadened. As a young man he developed active interests in railway building and management as well as in the directing of other large financial and industrial corporations. His monument, however, is the National City Bank, which his genius made the largest institution of its kind in the United States and one of the largest in the world. When he became its president, twenty-six years ago, it was only one of a number of similar institutions. With a combination of conservatism, boldness, and courage, he soon developed it into its present proportions. It was under his guidance that the exceptionally beautiful banking house was built. It stands on the site of the old United States Custom-House, the most comprehensive and complete banking house of its kind in the United States. It even includes a school for training its younger men not only in finance but in economics and foreign affairs. A few years ago Mr. Stillman resigned the presidency of the bank, his place being filled by Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, but he retained the chairmanship of the Board of Directors, and was thus still its guiding spirit. From the outbreak of the European war Mr. Stillman was ardent in his support of the Allies, especially the French. He spent much of his time in France, and the public does not, and probably never will, know how useful his financial support was to that brave and stricken country. It was peculiarly appropriate that one of the honorary pallbearers at his funeral was a French officer, General Vignal, who officially represented the French Government.

The Outlook has good reason to know the generous and fine side of Mr. Stillman's character. About forty years ago he and the late Lawson Valentine were neighbors and personal friends of Dr. Lyman Abbott. They aided him in obtaining the capital to purchase the paper which has grown into The Outlook. During these forty years Mr. Stillman has been a stockholder of The Outlook Company, although he owned only a small amount of stock. In that period there were doubtless times when The Outlook's opinions on political, industrial, social, and financial questions were not those which he himself held, but never once did he intimate his disapproval or indicate his desire that the paper should change its policy.

The public sometimes entertains the impression that men of large wealth—and Mr. Stillman was a man of large wealth and great financial power—endeavor to stifle public opinion when it runs counter to their own views. We think this is a mistaken impression. We believe that American business men and bankers are as interested in the maintenance of free speech and untrammeled expression of opinion as any other class of citizens. Mr. Stillman was a conspicuous illustration of this fact. In this office we shall hold his name in grateful remembrance.

THE "Y" POST EXCHANGES

Authorized by General Pershing, the Young Men's Christian Association has taken over the exclusive operation of the Post Exchanges for the American Expeditionary Forces in France. The fact that the Association has the management of the Post Exchanges (which may be called the department stores for the soldiers) does not mean, however, that it and other organizations will not continue to maintain their canteens in the French cities and at various other points.

The "Y," as the Young Men's Christian Association is familiarly known, has been operating in ninety-five per cent of the places in France where there are three hundred or more American troops, and in the near future the work will be extended to all the smaller groups as well. Hence it has been possible to incorporate the Post Exchanges in the many Young Men's Christian Association centers already established.

Through the transfer, officers and enlisted men who have had to give their time to running the Post Exchanges can now turn their attention to strictly army activities, leaving the manage-

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ment of the Exchanges to the "Y" secretaries, who, almost without exception, are either not of draft age or are otherwise exempt from military service.

It is interesting to note just what is sold at a Post Exchange. We copy from a cablegram sent to the purchasing agent here early this month, estimating the requirements for April, May, and June:

600	tons	cigarettes.	500	tons	sweetened condensed milk.
312	"	smoking tobacco.	10	"	tooth paste.
300	"	chewing tobacco.	4	"	shaving sticks.
125	"	cigars.	60	"	chewing-gum.
2850	"	sugar.	375	"	canned fruits.
1600	"	flour.	2	"	tea.
225	"	cocoa.	250	"	miscellaneous biscuits.

Hard candy in tins. For summer drinks add a large quantity syrup extracts and juices requiring only addition of water for serving. Phonograph records, urgently need 5,000.

The Young Men's Christian Association is taking no advantage of its position in the sense of making a profit out of the soldiers. Its policy is to buy goods at the most advantageous prices possible here and abroad, and to sell them over the counter to men in the ranks at a price sufficient to cover initial cost, plus handling and overhead charges, allowing a small gross profit. Should any net profit result it will be used for the free distribution of supplies in times of emergency. The need for allowing a slight margin of gross profit is readily understood when we remember that on one ship alone that was submarined $20,000 worth of Young Men's Christian Association supplies went down.

The selling price lists disclose here and there an item which costs more in France than it costs in this country, and also disclose numerous things for sale at actually less than they cost here. The things sold include biscuits, brushes, bouillon, candles, candy, canned goods, catsup, chewing-gum, chocolate, Christmas and other cards, cigarettes, cigars, combs, dental cream, drinks, flashlights, fruits, gloves, handkerchiefs, heaters, jam, knives, leather goods, milk, mirrors, nuts, pencils, pipes, razors and blades, shoe laces and shoe polish, soap, sponges, tobacco, and towels.

Chewing-gum costs a soldier four and four-tenths cents as compared with five cents here; a dental cream usually sold here at twenty-five cents is purchasable at approximately twenty cents; and a safety razor ordinarily retailing at $5 can be bought for $3.50. These quotations should be sufficient assurance that only reasonable prices are asked of our men "Over There."

THE TONIC OF THE COMIC

When, late one afternoon early in February, fire started in the old main building of Vassar College, the alarm was sounded and the students, regarding it as they would any other fire drill, to which they had been accustomed, left the dining-room, where they were finishing their evening meal, in order. Any fire is an alarming occurrence; but fire is particularly alarming when it occurs in a great institution and destroys a considerable part of a great building; and fire in such a dwelling at night, with all the possibilities of tragedy, is somewhat of a strain on the nerves.

The "Vassar Miscellany News," which is published semi-weekly at the College, gives an account of the fire, however, which suggests the value of a light heart in disaster.

Inasmuch as the fire started on Tuesday evening from broiling steaks, there seems to be indicated a little guilty conscience in the explanation that "Vassar observes meatless meals scattered throughout the week, and not confined to the regular days."

As an indication of the haste in which telegrams are prepared and transmitted at such a time as this, we quote the following from the "Miscellany News's" column headed "Campus Chat, or Sparks from Ash Wednesday:"

WHAT BROUGHT FATHER ON AT THREE A.M.

Main is burning all out.
Main is burning love.
Fire saved evening dress.
Main is burning am all right one wing demolished.

Under the heading "Overheard" there appear in the "News" the following amusing and contrasted brief imaginary colloquies:

Bystander. How did it start?

'Nother. Well, they don't quite know whether it was a German or an Austrian.

Senior. Are you saved?

'Nother. What do you think this is, a Salvation Army meeting?

And in the same column appeared the following verses:

A HIDDEN MEANING?

"'You're like the Winged Victory,'
The wise professor said.
I wonder if he meant because
The poor thing lost her head?"

The "Miscellany News," in an editorial explaining why "more space in this issue of the 'News' seems to be devoted to notes concerning the fire than to a serious report of it," says:

> For a long time there has been a dearth of humor on the campus. We did not tell each other jokes; "Campus Chat" was infinitesimal; we were all hopelessly serious-minded. Senses of humor had evidently been put in very cold storage for "the duration of the war."
>
> But they spontaneously burst out during the fire, and have been rampant ever since.

Women who find their "senses of humor" in the midst of a fire are the sort who will help to give this country poise in the midst of war.

AN ARMCHAIR GENERAL

The Paris "Gaulois" is famous for good stories. The latest to reach us concerns General Grossetti, who recently died. Despite the fact that he was of such enormous girth—perhaps because of it—that he walked and rode with difficulty, he was one of the most popular officers in the French army. The story comes by way of the "Journal de Genève" of January 13, 1918. We translate as follows:

In the throes of the battle of the Yser, says the "Gaulois," when the enemy fire was the fiercest, and it was judged impossible for the French troops longer to withstand it, they began to retire.

"What are you going to do?" asked Grossetti. "I am too fat to follow you. In fact, my feet are used up. It is absolutely necessary for me to sit down. Get me a chair."

They brought him a camp-stool, and, resting while the German shells continued to rain, he remarked: "What a pity to be so fat! You see, I am good for nothing but to stay here."

Of a company creeping past in single file and hugging the shelter of the house he inquired: "Where are you going, my children? I hope that you are not retreating. You would not wish to abandon your General here."

Stupefied, the men looked at the General, seated placidly on his camp-stool, while about him the shells were bursting and gutting houses. Seized with sudden, violent emotion, they snatched their képis from their heads, crying, "*Vive le Général!*" and turned back.

Toward the end of the afternoon a British staff officer, sent by Sir John French, arrived on the scene to inquire what the French commander proposed to do, for the retirement of his division might involve the retreat of the English forces. Grossetti ordered another chair.

"Pray give me the pleasure, sir, of sitting down beside me," he said. Notwithstanding his British calmness and courage, the English officer hesitated a second or two. Finally he sat down. The French general said:

"You may say, sir, to Marshal French that my name is Grossetti, and, as it indicates, I am too fat to retire."

After some further conversation, continually interrupted by the bursting of shells close to them, the English officer took his leave. When he reached his headquarters, he remarked to his comrade: "I think I am brave; indeed, I am sure of it. But that five o'clock tea with General Grossetti gave me shivers up the back."

No wonder that the French, as a writer in the New York "Evening Sun" has pointed out, always afterward called Grossetti the *Général à fauteuil*. But the "armchair general"

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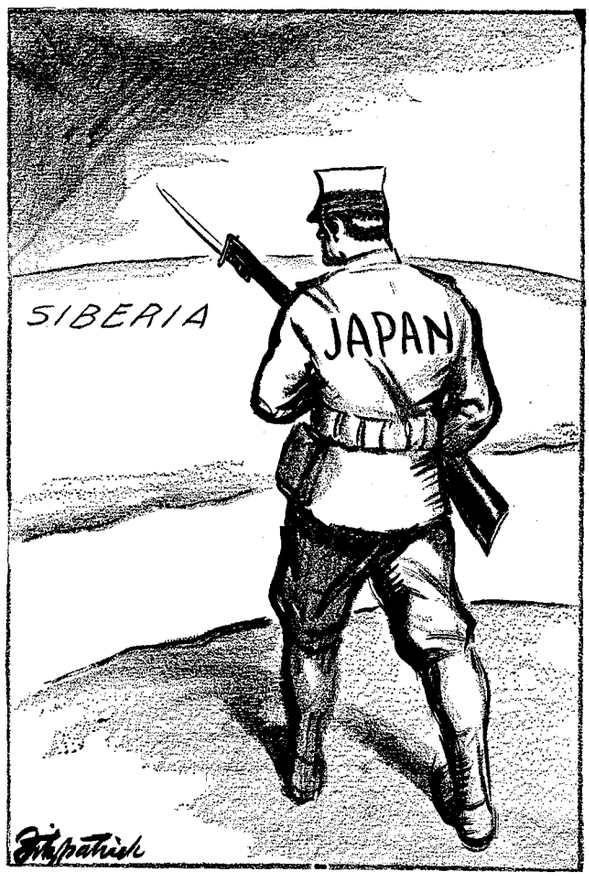
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Darling in the New York Tribune

BEING CAREFUL NOT TO HURT RUSSIA'S FEELINGS

Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch



WAITING FOR THE WORD

THE SIBERIAN SITUATION

Cassel in the New York Evening World

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AGAIN HE MUST DEFEND HIMSELF!

NEXT!

Kirby in the New York World

BOTTLED UP

THE PEOPLE MAY, AFTER ALL, DRAW THE CORK!

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was never used as a term of derogation; it was one of admiring affection.

A UNIVERSITY OF THE PEOPLE

The last words written by Dr. Henry M. Leipziger before his death were a few lines beginning a report on the New York City public lectures for the year ending June 30, 1917. He wrote: "Lectures were delivered in 130 centers, by 700 lecturers, speaking on 1,648 topics, before 4,603 audiences. The total attendance was 933,486, an average of 203 per lecture. The attendance was an increase of 1,385 over the preceding year."

These bare statistics are the best evidence of the extraordinary growth of what started twenty-nine years ago as a small group of school-room talks occasionally illustrated with "magic lantern slides." To-day there are twenty-four regular moving-picture centers at which three hundred and fifty-eight lectures illustrated by motion pictures were delivered in the year. Dr. Leipziger was truly described by Theodore Roosevelt when he said: "I do not believe that in all New York there was a more devoted, zealous, and entirely disinterested public servant." Under his guidance and development the public lectures, as shown in the elaborate report which has just been issued, cover almost every imaginable class of topics in literature, science, history, economics, and sociology. It is interesting to note such curious facts as that many lectures on all sorts of subjects were delivered in the Yiddish tongue. Hundreds of lecturers, some seventy-five of whom served without fee, talked in the great school-rooms and centers to audiences which were really community rather than school audiences. So elaborate has the system become that we are told that a special corps of "introducers" is employed, and special inspectors listen to lectures and send their comments to the committee in charge.

Dr. Leipziger's vision of a "university without walls" has come true, and its expansion is in the direction of a people's university. Its future usefulness, both in lectures and in its public forum discussions, will inevitably broaden as the years go on.

SOFT CORN AND SOFTER POTATOES

According to the Department of Agriculture's report of March 8, about three-fifths of last year's record-breaking corn crop is merchantable; some was so soft that it had to be fed to cattle and hogs at once to prevent total loss. A still larger quantity will be lost in spoiling except as it is being immediately moved to drying terminals. Potatoes have been also piled up, spoiling in producers' hands, and the consuming centers have been supplied only by virtue of last year's summer gardens. Moreover, cattle have been held back through inability to secure transportation for them.

The solution of these evils lies in continued expansion of the Railway Administration's efforts in the movement of foodstuffs. Mr. McAdoo, the Director-General, in a letter to The Outlook asserts that he is handling all the foodstuffs which Mr. Hoover, the Food Administrator, and the Allies are delivering, so far as he is able to discover. In his letter to Mr. Hoover, the Food Administrator, Mr. McAdoo says: "If you will notify me from time to time of the location of the specific supplies and the port or ports in the United States to which you wish to have such supplies transported, I will guarantee the necessary transportation, subject alone to interruptions from blizzards and floods. I am eager to co-operate with you to relieve all anxiety about food supplies for the Allies." Mr. Hoover has expressed his satisfaction at the assurance that "not only will Allied foodstuffs be promptly moved, but that there will be no delays in our domestic distribution to cause any danger of suffering, which necessarily implies the collection of our food materials from the country to our terminals, mills, and packing-houses before either the domestic or Allied supplies can be aggregated for transportation to points of consumption or export."

Writing to The Outlook, Mr. McAdoo also calls attention to the fact that the whole problem is complicated for want of ships; that if ships are not promptly provided to receive the cargoes which the railways are delivering to the different ports, railway equipment vitally needed is tied up, and railway facilities are correspondingly reduced. Mr. McAdoo adds: "I cannot refrain from voicing the deep regret I feel that the ship bill I presented to the Congress in September, 1914, was not promptly passed at that time. I am sure that the situation to-day would be very different if that measure had become law." But he concludes: "What has happened in the past does not concern me, except in so far as it conveys a lesson for the future. What we must do now is to buckle down to the present problems and see that they are solved quickly and efficiently. This I am sure we can do. The great thing is for everybody to pull together."

A CHILDREN'S YEAR

In England the year 1914–15 brought an enormous increase in infant deaths. "It is more dangerous to be a baby in London than a soldier in France" probably sacrifices accuracy for the spectacular, but the statement shocked the whole country into action. In the general social confusion which results when a nation mobilizes for war a rise in the rate of infant mortality is often accepted as inevitable; England's records of 1915–16 show that the reverse may be true. In the second year of the war, when the Local Government Board granted financial aid to sanitary districts and secured health visitors for mothers and babies along with health centers, prenatal clinics, and hospital care for sick children and their mothers, the death rate went down, not only far below that of 1914–15, but below the previous rate in peace times.

April 6, 1918, just a year after the United States entered the war, has been chosen by Miss Julia Lathrop, Chief of the Federal Children's Bureau, as the day to inaugurate a country-wide campaign for a "Children's Year." Three hundred thousand babies under five die annually in the United States, more than half of them from preventable causes. The Children's Year has as its object the saving of 190,000 of these little ones between April 6, 1918, and April 6, 1919.

The programme for this year has been grouped under five divisions, four of them dealing with the needs of normal children, living in their normal homes; the fifth is concerned with the special problems of children whose homes have broken down or who for other reasons require unusual care. They are those handicapped by physical or mental defects, and delinquent children or dependent children in no wise different from others except in the misfortunes which have thrown them upon the community for support.

It is one thing to plan a careful programme and another to carry it through on a Nation-wide scale. Miss Lathrop has asked the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense to aid her in laying before the women of the country her plans for conserving infant life. She quotes the recent draft figures, showing that nearly a third of the men called were rejected because of physical defects, as grounds for immediate effort toward making the new generation bigger and better than its parents.

The Woman's Committee and the Children's Bureau will begin their joint campaign by urging a Nation-wide weighing and measuring of all children of pre-school age. No such general test has ever before been attempted. If successful, it will show each community what its children need to help them grow into men and women free from many of the physical defects which the draft has revealed.

PROTECT THE WORKERS

General Orders No. 13 is the modest title of one of the most remarkable documents ever issued by the military authorities of a nation at war. These "Suggestions for Arsenal Commanders and Manufacturers" are a set of standards recommended by the Chief of Ordnance of the United States Army to employers for the protection of men, women, and children in American industry. Their immediate object is increased production, but the methods by which this production is to be obtained stamp them as unique. They are based on English experience, and their intent is expressed in the preamble:

"In view of the urgent necessity for a prompt increase in the volume of production of practically every article required for the conduct of the war, vigilance is demanded of all those in any way associated with industry, lest the safeguards with which the

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people of this country have sought to protect labor should be unwisely and unnecessarily broken down. It is a fair assumption that for the most part these safeguards are the mechanisms of efficiency. Industrial history proves that *reasonable hours, fair working conditions, and a proper wage scale are essential to high production.*"

In regard to women's work the standards declare that "effort should be made to restrict the work of women to eight hours," that their employment on night shifts should be avoided as a "necessary protection," and that "standards of wages hitherto prevailing for men should not be lowered when women render equivalent service."

"Minors of both sexes under eighteen should have the same restriction on their hours as already outlined for women. No child under fourteen years of age shall be employed *at any work under any conditions.*"

For the layman unacquainted with French and English experience in the past three years it is difficult to believe that these regulations were issued as a war measure to increase production. But these words from J. H. Thomas, Labor member of the British Commission to the United States, cast a new light on their origin:

"In considering this question you have to remember that in the early stages of the war we were not prepared. We got reports of our lads being mowed down like rabbits in a hole for want of munitions. You can quite understand that we had to give them some protection, and our men and our women were working fourteen, sixteen, eighteen, and all manners of hours a day, not so much because they were compelled—don't get that into your heads—but because the very circumstances, the moral influence of doing something for these gallant lads to give them a chance, compelled us all to forget hours and everything else.

"Now as the war went on the sickness returns showed an alarming increase. The general health of the people was going down. Holidays were abandoned and the strain was beginning to be felt. The Government set up a committee composed of employers, trade-union representatives, and Government officials—an impartial tribunal. They came to the unanimous decision that long hours and Sunday labor were disastrous, not only to the health of men and women, but to the efficiency of the service. We say, without hesitation, that it is uneconomical, it is unwise, and it is bad management to work men or women abnormally long hours, *because it does not pay in the end.*"

THE FRENCH DRAMA

The other night, in New York City, in a pause between the two plays of the evening's bill, M. Jacques Copeau, Director of the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier (Theater of the Old Dove-Cot), made a speech of interest to all his friends and to all friends of the French drama—for, as the success of the Alliance Française proves, there are more friends of French literature in this country than is generally supposed.

To their satisfaction, M. Copeau finds that his first season as theater manager in America warrants a second. He also learns that several members of his company, hitherto in the trenches, are to be released, notably the actor who is to take the leading part in M. Copeau's final production this season, Molière's "L'Avare."

At the outbreak of the war all of the men of the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier in Paris either volunteered or were mobilized. The theater had to be closed. It was founded by M. Copeau to give new interpretation to the great classical French repertory, not excluding modern writers either. The Paris public had scoffed at the boldness of a man who would try to present the plays of Molière, Musset, Shakespeare, outside of the Théâtre Français. But the little theater in one of the Latin Quarter's quaint streets had won out. Critics of the caliber of M. Claudel and M. Bergson had praised it. The company had been invited to tour in England, Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy, and it had done so in the first two countries. The French Minister of the Fine Arts had suggested that the company should tour in the United States, for the French have ever shown a desire to illustrate to us what they really are, and also to bring about closer bonds between us and themselves. Certainly anything which helps one people to enter into the genius of another people is a step towards international understanding. When the war came, however, it was not possible to realize the Minister's project. So he requested M. Copeau to go to America and give there some addresses on French drama and theaters.

M. Copeau did so, and his American admirers asked him to create a French theater here. The theater, which bears the name of the one in Paris, is approaching the end of its first season. As in Paris, its distinctive features are, first, in M. Copeau's words, the "simplification and in many cases the suppression of scenery in order to center the public's attention on the dramatic action itself, . . . in order that every delicacy may appear there, in order that every fault may stand out, in order that the dramatic work may have a chance in this neutral atmosphere to fashion that individual garment which it knows how to put on." In the second place, M. Copeau suppresses the so-called "stars" to the advantage of the general rendering of the play. Thus these ideals distinguish his theater from the more meretricious, commercial, and strolling-player notions.

The staging of Molière's "L'Amour Médecin" gives evidence of these ideals. Following antique models, there is what one might call a "stage apron," which includes the first-tier boxes, and makes possible a great deal of action about the forefront of the stage. There is also a rectangular platform occupying the middle of the stage proper and reached by short stairways on either side. This Greek simplicity is united with rare decorative quality in the draperies and costumes. The piece was written at Louis XIV's command, and satirizes the quackery of the monarch's four physicians. The company interprets the broad humor of the play with naturalness and marked finish.

SUICIDES IN JAPAN

According to the Rev. Dr. Sidney L. Gulick, who has lived long in the Far East, suicides among Japanese students are probably more prevalent than among any other students in the world. The causes he mentions are, first, the high-strung nerves and exceptional sensitiveness to anything that may be regarded as a personal humiliation; and, second, the extraordinary competition among students to secure places in the Government schools. Dr. Gulick also notes the three causes given by the Christian Literature Society, of which he is a member, namely: the struggle for existence, the handicap of poor physique, and the absence of an enlightened faith.

As to student suicides due to failure in examinations, it may be noted that in Japan it is not easy to enter any schools. Of the boys thirteen and fourteen years old who strive by competitive examinations to enter the middle schools, only sixty-one per cent, we learn, though intellectually qualified, are admitted. The rest are excluded for lack of room. In Tokyo the annual applicants for admission to the higher institutions are several times greater in number than can be admitted. A year ago over five hundred youths were refused admittance to the Doshisha, the only Christian university in Japan, entirely because of lack of accommodations.

As to the absence of an enlightened faith, while the lower schools have not yet been touched by the Christian Literature Society, we are glad to know that in 1917, with the consent of the principals, the Society reached 1,330 secondary schools in Japan, containing some 410,000 pupils, with the "Myojo" (Day Star), its paper for young men; that this paper reaches nearly all the middle schools and colleges to the extent of about one copy to every seven students; finally, that to the Society's offer of a free six months' correspondence course of Christian instruction for graduates over 450 applications have come in. Young Japanese are thus beginning to see that the antidote for despair is not found in the native religions—in Buddhism, with its pessimistic emphasis on the meaninglessness and misery of existence; in Confucianism, with its practical agnosticism; in Shintoism, with its sole emphasis on nationalism; or in all these three, with their light valuation of human life. The cure for pessimism and despair is a spiritual inspiration of some kind—the kind found in Christianity. Japan is the leader of the Orient, and it will make a great difference to the world whether she becomes Christian or remains non-Christian.

It is interesting to compare the above with the statement

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that suicides among German school-children are prominent. This leads to the conclusion that these catastrophes, both in Japan and Germany, may be due to still another factor than those mentioned, namely, to the ingrained teaching of materialism. If boys and girls are taught that material success is the measure of life, and do not achieve it, they naturally feel that life is a failure.

INDUSTRIAL FREEDOM AND THE WAR

WHILE the guns at the front are churning the soil of France they are also upheaving the social and industrial life of all civilized nations. Nothing is more certain than that out of this war is going to emerge a new social order. Even this conservative country, far away from the scene of hostilities, has undergone a change which would have been incredible four years ago, and which nothing less than a world commotion could have wrought.

The irony of it is that all this vast turmoil has been brought upon the world by men who have set out to fasten upon the world the tyranny of the old order. They are the worshipers of power, whether it be the power of royalty, or the power of the military master, or the power of the owner and manipulator of accumulated wealth. If these men succeed, the cause of freedom will be defeated, whether it be freedom from the tyranny of the absolute monarch, or freedom from the arbitrary rule of military power, or freedom from industrial despotism.

That is as clear as daylight. It is so clear, so obvious, so undebatable, that it is astonishing to find any man or set of men so blind as not to see that all who love freedom and are seeking it have a common cause. The laborer who is struggling for economic freedom has to-day as his supreme enemy the enemy of those who are struggling for civil freedom against military rule and political freedom against the rule of the despot.

And yet to-day the greatest success which Germany, the enemy of all freedom, has won has been due to the enfeeblement brought upon Russia by the Bolsheviki in the name of economic and industrial liberation.

What has made the Bolsheviki and their kindred spirits in other countries the most effective allies that Germany has has been the fact that they, like the military masters of Germany, hold that there is something more desirable than liberty. This thing that they want to set above everything else is their doctrine. It is true that in some vital respects their doctrine differs from the doctrine of the Kaiser and his group; but the Kaiser and his group care nothing for that. What the military masters of Germany fear are men who will fight for freedom. If they can alienate some of these men from the cause of freedom even by diverting them to a fanatical devotion to some doctrine that the German military mind despises, they have weakened the enemy of despotism and correspondingly strengthened their own forces.

This is what makes the reactionary and the extreme radical bedfellows.

The reactionary does not want freedom. He wants to make secure the power which men have gained either by blood descent, by military force, or by the possession of wealth.

At the other extreme is the so-called radical. He does not want freedom either. He wants power taken from those who have it now and handed over to another group.

There is no doubt that the men who have wielded power in the past are going to lose some of it; some of them, we hope, will lose all of it; and other men who have never had power before are going to have it and exercise it. But what the world is fighting for to-day is not the transfer of power from one set of men to another set of men. There will be no gain if a Czar at one end of the scale is dethroned only by the setting up of another Czar at the other end of the scale in his place.

Americans will not be misled by the propagandists of any doctrine. The love of liberty is bred too deep in them. They are not fighting to keep a group in power. Neither are they fighting to give power to any other group. They are not fighting in defense of an old doctrine, nor are they fighting in order to assert a new one. They are not fighting to maintain the old order, whether it be political or economic, or to establish another order in its stead. They are not fighting to maintain any form of government. They are not fighting to retain any industrial system of capitalism. Neither are they fighting to set up any new form of government, nor are they fighting in order to establish a new system of industry. They are fighting for liberty. They want the freedom to determine their own form of government—freedom to decide whether they will keep the old or adopt another. And they want also freedom to determine whether they shall have the old industrial order, with its system of wages and its differences between capital and labor, or whether they will go on to a new order in which those differences will not exist, and in which some other reward than wages will be provided for men's labor.

If they lose this war, it is this freedom that they will lose. Nothing else to-day is worth fighting for.

EASTER

The entombment and the resurrection are constantly recurring events in the world's history. Man is always crucifying the Christ and the Christ is always rising again from the dead. His disciples are ever denying him, betraying him, deserting him, and ever astounded by his immortality. The greed of Judas, the ambition of Caiaphas, the cowardice of Pilate, are ever conspiring to compass his death. They bury the dead Christ and put a seal upon his tomb and say, Now let his Father deliver him if he will own him. And heartbroken Mary comes to the grave weeping, and knows not the risen Christ who stands undiscovered at her side. Christianity has its Good Friday and its Easter; Christianity shares the Passion and also shares the resurrection of the Master.

In the first century Nero thought he had slain the new faith just born, feebly manifested in a feeble band, neither understood by others nor understanding themselves. From the ashes of that fiery persecution Christianity arose, and three centuries later a successor of Nero proclaimed Rome a Christian empire.

In the Middle Ages Christianity had become the universal religion of Europe, but it was a paganized Christianity. The Church had borrowed from the pagans some of their forms of worship, much of their theology, the very names of their days, and, worst of all, their persecuting spirit. The Christians slain by a Christian Church outnumbered by far the Christians slain by a pagan empire. The Church was materially rich and spiritually poor, politically strong and spiritually weak. Caiaphas ruled in its councils. Great cathedrals were tombs of a buried Christ and priestly robes were as resplendent shrouds. And yet Christ was alive in the Church and manifested his life in the lives of the preaching friars, who were laying in England the foundations of its future liberties, and in devout and self-denying sisters of mercy and charity, who were precursors and prophets of the Red Cross of the then distant future.

In the eighteenth century Christ was buried in Protestant England. The beauty of its cathedral worship was the beauty of icebergs—reflecting the glory but not the warmth of a far-distant God. The cross was on the spire and above the altar, but not in the lives of the clergy. The preaching was an ethics as uninspiring as that of Confucius. The religion of Dean Swift was no better than the infidelity of Bolingbroke. The cynic's sneer at the piety of Job, "Doth Job fear God for naught?" became the foundation of England's ethical philosophy in Archdeacon Paley's famous definition: "Virtue is the doing good to mankind in obedience to the will of God and for the sake of everlasting happiness." Yet out of this entombment came forth Wesleyanism in England and Moravianism on the Continent. Not many wise men nor mighty men nor noble men were called; but Methodism saved England from re-enacting the terrible tragedy of a French Revolution.

In the nineteenth century religion had become in Protestant England and America as dogmatic as the Roman Catholic religion which they had cast out. Traditionalism, driven out at the door, had crept back through the window. Creeds took the place of faith; theology, of religion. The aphorism, "The only heresy is lack of love," was carelessly forgotten or indignantly denied. The mind of the Church was double-locked and barred against new truth. Then arose a new and specious enemy of Christian-

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ity. Agnosticism, like the Church confounding theology and religion, attacked them both. For "Our Father which art in heaven" it offered Law personified. For God known to the heart it offered a Great First Cause unknown and forever unknowable. For the Christ of history, the Friend and Companion of man, orthodox theology offered a supposititious Great Spirit dwelling in a supposititious heaven, and agnostic philosophy offered the figure of "our Father Man" as the supreme and only object of a worship. This in England; in France anti-clericalism was even more distinctly anti-Christianity. So much so that an acute student of the times declared that "in France Christianity is all a thing of the past." Yet to-day a soldier writing from the French trenches tells us that the enemies of Christianity are to be found only in the rear; that faith in a good God, hope of an immortal life, and love for one's neighbor are the common and characteristic experience of the men at the front. And the spirit of the living Christ, the Christ of self-sacrifice, is manifest in the lives of the hundreds of thousands of Americans who, with their faces set toward their Passion, are marching steadfastly to the field of battle to lay down their lives for their unknown brethren, while we who stay at home follow them with our unuttered prayer, "Let us also go, that we may die with them."

Christ is risen.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION

A member of the Mississippi Legislature has written to us as follows:

> I've long been a subscriber to The Outlook. Being a member of this body—which will soon have up the question of compulsory education—I would like to have your views. It seems to me you formerly discussed the matter in The Outlook.

Children are members of the community, and as such are entitled to the protection of the State. To a large extent this protection is furnished them adequately by their parents, but whenever the parents are incompetent, inefficient, or immoral, and neglect or fail in their duty, the State steps in and either takes them from the parents and appoints a competent guardian or compels the parents to fulfill the duties which they are neglecting. This duty of the State has been formally recognized by decisions of the courts both in England and in this country, and that recognition underlies a course of consistent legislation. It is seen in laws for the prevention of cruelty to children and for the regulation or prohibition of child labor. If parents, through vice, inhumanity, or ignorance, fail to provide their children with adequate food, shelter, clothing, and sanitary conditions of life, the State, through the courts, compels them to fulfill their duty.

But it is not enough to feed, clothe, and shelter a child. He must be prepared for the life which lies before him. He must be so educated that at least he can support himself and not become a burden on the community, and can take his share in the government of the free commonwealth when he becomes of voting age. The State, therefore, provides a public school to furnish him with such education. But it is not sufficient merely to provide education. If the parent, through neglect or through greed, refuses to take advantage of the provision which the State has furnished, the State has the right to compel the parent to furnish this education just as it has the right to compel him to furnish food, shelter, and clothing. The same reason which justifies the existence of laws to compel parents to provide the material conditions necessary for the child's health justifies the existence of laws to compel parents to take advantage of the provision which the State has made for the child's intellectual and moral development. The same reason which justifies laws to protect children from the greed which imposes upon them unreasonable labor justifies laws which require that they should not be left to run idle in the street and grow up a menace to society.

But this justification is to be found not only in the duties of society to protect the fundamental rights of the children, but also in the duty of society to protect itself. Some statistician has calculated the expense of our Indian wars and the number of Indians killed in them, and the expense of our Indian schools and the number of children educated in them, and has drawn the conclusion that it costs more to kill an Indian than it does to educate him. There can be no doubt that it costs more to protect the community from children who have been allowed to grow up to be idle and criminal characters than it does to educate them for a life of intelligence, industry, and virtuous citizenship. All countries recognize the duty of the State to provide for the education of its royal families. All the children in the United States belong to the royal family. They are all growing up to become governors in a self-governing Nation. It is the right and the duty of the State not only to enable them to become fit for this citizenship, but to compel the parents and industries of the community to respect the right of the children to such an education, because the protection of this right is necessary for the protection of the State itself from what otherwise become lawless elements in the community.

On both these grounds—the duty of the State to protect the rights of its children and the duty of the State to protect itself—compulsory education is not only justified, but demanded.

A CABLEGRAM FROM CHINA

They were standing on the hill behind the house, with the March wind blowing sharply about them and setting the bare boughs of the elms to singing. To the south the country was unusually clear. The Sound was a brilliant ribbon of blue, and the yellow sand of the farther shore was clear between the water and the wooded slope.

"Did you see the morning paper?" asked the Happy Eremite, suddenly.

"No," answered his lady. "Was there anything ghastly?"

"Nothing ghastly, no. But something very arresting. It was a cablegram from China."

"From China?"

"I cut it out." He drew a small clipping from his waistcoat pocket. "Here it is—an Associated Press despatch concerning a mandate just issued by the President of China, Feng Kwo-chang. It made me think."

"Read it."

"It's too long to read in its entirety. But the sum and substance of it is that the old heathen has some extraordinary Christian attributes. He is conscious that his country is in a good deal of a muddle, some of his generals and many of his soldiers are deserting to the rebels, officials of his appointment have failed in their duty, the people are in misery. Something, he realizes, is radically wrong.

"'As the Central Government has not acted properly,' he says, 'I examine myself and feel that I have many defects. I appointed Fu Liang-tio and others without carefully examining into their conduct, so I am guilty of ignorance of men. I ordered the negotiations for peace while the rebels were triumphant. I offered easy terms in an effort to satisfy the popular desire, so that I am lacking in foresight. My effort to save from misery brought more misery; my hope to save the situation resulted in more confusion. Toleration brings undesirable results, so I cannot make others believe in my sincerity. I am too weak for the burden and cannot escape public blame and condemnation for being guilty in many ways. I dare not hold my high position in opposition to public censure, but the tenure of office is ordered by virtue of the Constitution and cannot be easily set aside. Moreover, hostilities have been resumed in Hupeh, and it behooves me to continue helping the cause. When order is restored and the populace relieved I shall retire, full of gratitude, into the country.'"

"How wonderful!" cried the Lady Eremite.

"Yes. And *that* is the heathen President of benighted China."

"If we could only make him America's Secretary of Candor and Humility when he gives up his present place!"

"China is strange," mused the Happy Eremite as they slowly descended the hill with the sun in their faces and the wind on their backs. "The great masses of her people are, I suppose, the most ignorant in the world, and she goes and declares a republic. She has a President who is a heathen, and who acts in a Christian fashion which no Christian president or potentate

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would ever think of imitating. She is the most self-sufficient, self-centered oligarchy in the world, and a week ago she sent off a contingent of troops to France to make the world safe for democracy."

"That was Japan's doing, wasn't it?"

"I suppose so. She probably told her protégée in the approved Western manner to jump on the band-wagon and be in on the scramble at the end. I can't think it was really China. The real China has no regard for band-wagons or scrambles. She doesn't care for war, and she doesn't care who wins this war. She could see the whole of Europe wiped out and not bat an eyelid. She is the only perfect neutral, stirred by our fervor for the things which we in the Western world believe constitute progress only to an unobtrusive but profound contempt. She resents no injuries. She glows with no enthusiasms. She is indulgent to the spendthrift of time. She is long-suffering beyond belief. She has an appalling, thousand-year patience. No Occidentally minded man can possibly bring himself to admire China. As a nation she is so hopelessly flabby. We have every right to be joyously Pharisaical. And yet there are moments, there are moments—"

"The war," interrupted the Lady Eremite, "has given many people 'moments' of that sort."

"When China's calm contempt," continued her husband, "gets on my nerves. You remember that poem of Moody's," he went on, "called 'The Menagerie'? It's about a man who, having had one drink too many, strays into the Zoo one day, and suddenly sees the animals, not as circus beasts at all, but as old hearthmates gathered together by 'brother Forepaugh' to exhibit to the world the stages of nature's 'huge experiment.' The man, telling about it, cries:

"'Helpless I stood among those awful cages;
The beasts were walking loose and I was bagged!
I, I, last product of the toiling ages,
Goal of heroic feet that never lagged,—
A little man in trousers, slightly jagged.

Deliver me from such another jury!
The Judgment Day will be a picnic to 't.
Their satire was more dreadful than their fury,
And worst of all was just a kind of brute
Disgust, and giving up, and sinking mute.'

The victim's advice at the end is pertinent:

"'If you're a sweet thing in a flower-bed hat,
Or her best fellow with his tie tucked in,
Don't squander love's bright springtime girding at
An old chimpanzee with an Irish chin;
There may be hidden meaning in his grin.'

"Sometimes when I have been mentally 'girding' at China for her stodgy refusal to follow the Western world up the steep road of progress, whose milestones are the steam-engine, the cotton-gin, the telegraph, the bath-tub, and the motor car, there comes a moment when, like the 'little man in trousers, slightly jagged,' I seem to divine a 'hidden meaning' in her cool self-sufficiency."

"Exactly!" cried the Lady Eremite. "It is our vague suspicion that China may see and know something which we of the Western world are blind to that makes her calm persistence in her ancient ways so disconcerting and irritating."

"The trouble is," the Happy Eremite went on, "that our philosophies are as far apart as our countries. And we Occidentals, having come rather to smash, are sensitive about it and resent that smug old Oriental's 'I told you so.' We of the Western world are, as it were, dipped at birth in running waters. We are consecrated in infancy to that old Heracleian god, *Eternal flux*. We must be in motion or perish. It is different, it seems, with the Orientals."

"How about the Japanese? Surely they have bestirred themselves," said the Lady Eremite.

"The Japanese, I sometimes think, have sold their birthright for a mess of pottage. America jingled a handful of bangles and jewels outside a nun's window—and the nun lost her head.

"China is a nun, too, but she is a wise old nun. She has seen what bangles come to, she says, and she has huge contempt for the people who set store by them. She thinks our frantic nationalism is foolishness, and our hunger after wealth is foolishness, and our worship of progress is foolishness, and our patter of hygiene and sanitation, she says, is like the crackling of thorns under a pot.

"China, in other words, is a poor old fuddy-duddy nation, ages behind the times. I realize that fully. She needs a general manager and a board of directors and ten thousand efficiency experts and an army of prospectors and engineers and railway builders and chewing-gum drummers. I tell myself that every time I think of China. Some Chinese philanthropist should buy Detroit, for instance, and move it bodily, men, women, and children, into the interior of China. China needs something to make her *hum*. I know that. And yet there are moments when it seems to me that we of the Western world might, not without profit, sit down and whisper to our souls, like the President of China: '*I examine myself and feel that I have many defects.*'

"We have a great contempt for China. We cannot forgive her for never moving. And China, I suspect, has a great contempt for us, and cannot forgive us for never sitting still. The god she worships sits with legs folded under his knees, thinking. The god the Western world has worshiped—I never heard his name, unless it is Mercury—has been always running to get something. The god of the Occident had his apotheosis in August, 1914, when Germany crossed the Belgian frontier to 'get' Paris. That day Belgium saw the old god for what he was, and spurned him; France spurned him; England spurned him. We in America clung to him for a while, but then we too cast him off, seeing a greater God whom we had forgotten. Mercury is having his twilight among the Allies, and by and by he will have his twilight in Germany, too. That is the great thing about this war. Out of the horror and the sacrifice a purer God is coming to his own.

"Meanwhile there are moments when I wonder whether the heathen are not still the most sincere and thorough Christians that there are."

"It all depends on what one calls 'Christian,'" said the Lady Eremite.

KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

HAVE TEACHERS SPECIAL PRIVILEGES?

WHEN I was a boy in college, a crank who disbelieved in the Copernican theory and in the law of gravitation requested of our professor permission to give a lecture to the students. Permission was given and a lecture-room assigned to him. The attendance was optional. I went to the lecture. It was a kind of intellectual lark. What the lecturer said I have now entirely forgotten. No doubt he had a right to say it to any audience that wished to listen to it. No doubt also it was legitimate enough to allow the students to attend his lecture if they wished to do so. But it would have been entirely illegitimate for the authorities to have appointed him to a chair in the university and given financial and moral support to his teaching.

The teachers in their discussions of academic freedom naturally lay emphasis on the rights and liberties of the members of their own profession. They are apt to be silent concerning the rights of the pupils and their parents, and concerning the duties of the teachers toward their pupils and the parents. This characteristic is illustrated by three papers which lie before me—an article in the January "Atlantic" by Alexander Meiklejohn,

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the President of Amherst College; the annual report for 1916–17 of President A. Lawrence Lowell, of Harvard University; and a special report on "Academic Freedom in War Time" by a Special Committee of three, which was presented at a recent meeting of the American Association of University Professors.

President Meiklejohn lays stress on the college as a place of research, and apparently claims for it unlimited freedom. "Men form their opinions from partial knowledge; the college must know, so far as may be known, all that the human mind has thought and learned which bears on these opinions. . . . It must in this sense stand apart, viewing all interests of men alike with equal eye, and measuring each in terms of every other and the whole. It is a place of knowledge and of criticism."

President Lowell, with greater discrimination, distinguishes between the college professor's utterances within and without the college. "The teaching by the professor in his class-room on the subjects within the scope of his chair ought to be absolutely free." He maintains, however, that such teaching should be confined to the subject upon which the professor is an expert; and that the students have a right not to be compelled to listen to remarks offensive or injurious to them on subjects of which the instructor is not a master. Outside university walls, President Lowell holds, the liberty of the professor is identical with the liberty of other citizens, provided he speaks as a citizen, not as a professor. If he writes or speaks in such fashion as to lead the public to suppose that his utterance is in any sense representative of the university, he is misleading the public.

The Committee of the American Association of University Professors deals specifically with the freedom of college professors in war time. It does not recognize the principle enunciated by President Lowell concerning the professor's speaking as a private citizen, for in its comments on the dismissal of Professor Cattell from Columbia University it does not note the vital fact that Professor Cattell's letters to Congressmen against compulsory military service abroad were written on University note paper and were consequently taken by the Congressmen to indicate the University's sanction of his views. This writing as a professor, not as a private citizen, was the reason for his discharge. With reference to the general rights of professors in war time, the Committee holds that such restrictions as the war calls for should be only temporary, and only such as are necessary; that the professor has no right to practice or to inculcate disobedience of any law of the land; and no right "to obstruct or impede the execution of any measure lawfully determined upon as requisite for the safety of the country and the successful prosecution of the war." And the Committee draws with clearness the "plain difference between an attempt to persuade citizens or legislators by argument to favor or oppose a project of law not yet enacted, and an attempt to persuade individuals to disobey or evade or render ineffective a law already enacted."

We approach the question of academic freedom from a different point of view. To the community it is not so important to determine what are the rights and privileges of teachers as what are their duties and what are the rights of the pupils and their parents.

It is the duty of the school or the college to prepare its students for life in a free commonwealth. The object of all educational institutions should be to make their students able to contribute something to the wealth of the community by their industry, or to the intelligence of the community by their wisdom, or to the moral life of the community by their spirit. If any instructor is contributing to this result, it is presumptively the duty of the college to retain him in his chair and give to him the largest possible freedom of utterance. Without such freedom of utterance no teacher can accomplish for the college and its students the purpose for which the college has been organized and the students are attending it. He must be more than an echo of other people's opinions. A human phonograph can do little to equip the hearer for productive industry and practically nothing to impart to him either wisdom to guide or spirit to inspire his life.

If any professor is not contributing to the result for which the college was organized and the students are attending it, it is the duty of the college to remove him from his chair and put another teacher in his place. Thomas Arnold fought successfully in England for the right and the duty of Rugby to dismiss any pupil whose presence in the school was no benefit to himself and was an injury to others. If the school or college authorities have a right to remove a pupil whose presence is an injury, they certainly have no duty of maintaining a teacher whose instruction the authorities regard as injurious. It cannot be doubted that a Protestant has a right to teach that neither the Church nor the Pope is infallible. But the Roman Catholic Church is not under any obligation to afford him either financial or moral support while he is so teaching. There is no doubt that Professor Bertrand Russell had a right to say to England that it ought to be possible "for the women who must at present remain unmarried to have children if they wish it." But it is not the duty of the people of England to give to that teaching the moral and financial support of Oxford University unless they think that the teaching is calculated to improve the moral life of the students and the social order of the state. So we do not doubt the legal right of any disciple of Nietzsche to teach that "the task of the race is to create these Lords or Gods—if you cannot create a God, Zarathustra says, stop talking of one." But it is not the duty of a Protestant theological seminary to keep in its chair of theology a disciple of Nietzsche who is teaching this doctrine to his classes.

Sixty years ago practically every college and every theological seminary in the country had its system of philosophy which it taught to its pupils, and which they were expected to accept without question. We have no wish to go back to that practice. This, however, is not because the practice denied the rights of the teachers, but because it forbade them from performing their duties. The object of education is not to furnish either a theological, a political, or a sociological system of thought adapted to the fashion of the times, which the pupil is to accept and wear on graduation day. The object of education is to equip the student with power to do his own thinking. Any higher institution of learning which fails to furnish its student with power to do his own thinking fails fundamentally to fulfill its function. Mr. Crothers has said, with as much truth as wit, that many men do not do their own thinking because they lack the necessary conveniences. The object of the college is to furnish its pupils with the necessary conveniences. No doubt the presentation of different points of view and the resultant debate among the students either inside or outside the class is conducive to this general end. It is therefore not the duty of the college authorities to determine what theories of life shall be taught by the professors. But if the college authorities are satisfied that the professor's teaching, as combined with the teaching of other members of the faculty, is not conducive to the making of intelligent, virtuous, and patriotic citizens, it is not only the right, it is the duty of the college authorities to dismiss him and appoint another teacher in his place. And this is their duty because it is the right of the pupils and their parents to have the purpose for which the school or college has been created and is maintained carried out honestly and efficiently by those who are responsible for its administration.

Academic freedom has two sides. On the one hand, the professor should be free, as long as he remains a professor, to teach what he believes to be the truth in his department. But it is the duty of his superior authorities to determine whether they will give the financial and moral support of the university to his teaching. It is difficult to draw the line between liberty and license. It is difficult to guard against intellectual anarchy on the one side and intellectual despotism on the other. But it is at least safe to say that the men who are intrusted with the control of our educational institutions, whether they are the voters in the school district or the trustees in a university, are in duty bound to see to it that the education furnished is fitting the pupils for life in a community which believes in four fundamental ethical principles—the rights of persons, of property, of reputation, and of the family; and in the one fundamental political principle—"Government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

The Knoll, Cornwall-on-Hudson, New York.

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"THE BOOK OF JOB"—LEFT TO RIGHT, JOB (GEORGE GAUL), ELIHU (WALTER HAMPDEN), AND THE THREE FRIENDS, ELIPHAZ (HENRY BUCKLER), ZOPHAR (EUGENE STOCKDALE), AND BILDAD (EDGAR STEHLI)

THE BOOK OF JOB—A VISUALIZED POEM

STUART WALKER has brought the greatest of dramatic poems to life. At least he has made it live and move in the sight of many to whom it has heretofore been dead. He has clothed it in color and light. He has set it in a scene of the simplest, the severest kind of beauty. He has given it voice and action. He has taken it as he found it, and has transformed it from the lifeless words of a printed page into the terms of living experience.

Now that he has done this, it seems strange that it was not done before. Like many other great conceptions, the idea of visualizing the Book of Job and of apportioning its speeches among characters on a stage is simple and obvious. Indeed, it is not at all impossible that it was written to be recited in some such way. But simple and obvious ideas do not occur to everybody; or, when they do occur to the ordinary mind, they seem too simple and obvious to be entertained. It requires something like genius to hold fast to such an idea and give it form and substance.

And it requires some daring, too. It called for a bold man to find in the Bible the very text of a play to be seen in a theater just off Broadway. In this case the book of the play is the Book of Job itself. It is not a dramatization of the Book of Job, as the play "Seventeen," to be seen in the same theater (where George Gaul, who takes the part of Job in the afternoon, appears in the evening as a Negro character), is the dramatization of Booth Tarkington's novel. The Book of Job is already dramatized as it is.

It is so disguised, however, by the typographical form that is given to it in the common English version of the Bible that it looks like a succession of somewhat disconnected "verses." Its wealth of imagery, its profoundly poetic expressions of some of the most deeply tragic and lofty of human experiences, cannot be concealed by any form in which it may be printed; but there are few readers who catch its interplay of satire, of humor, and of personalities. That is because few readers have imagination enough to distinguish in this vast poetic drama the various characters that take part in it. What Stuart Walker has done is to supply the imagination.

As many readers may need to be reminded, the Book of Job consists of three parts: the prologue, the dramatic poem itself, and the brief epilogue. The prologue tells of the greatness and prosperity of Job; of Satan (who is not, as one of the ill-informed newspaper critics called him, "the devil," but a servitor of the Almighty—a scourge-angel—whose duty it is to keep watch of men and test their souls) holding familiar converse with God; of God's consent that Satan test Job's faithfulness; of the calamities that in consequence fell upon Job; and of the arrival of Job's three friends, Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar. All this, except for a few metrical passages, is simple prose narrative. It is not a part of the poem itself, but is set off from it distinctly by its literary form. So, in the same way, is the epilogue.

The distinction between the poem itself and the prose portions that inclose it is emphasized by the form of the stage setting.

When the house is darkened, a niche, like that provided in a temple for a statue, is revealed by a beam of light on each side of the stage. In each stands, like a piece of sculpture, the richly draped figure of a woman. One of these Narrators begins the prologue, and then the other continues. So, alternately, passage by passage, the two Narrators tell the story that introduces the

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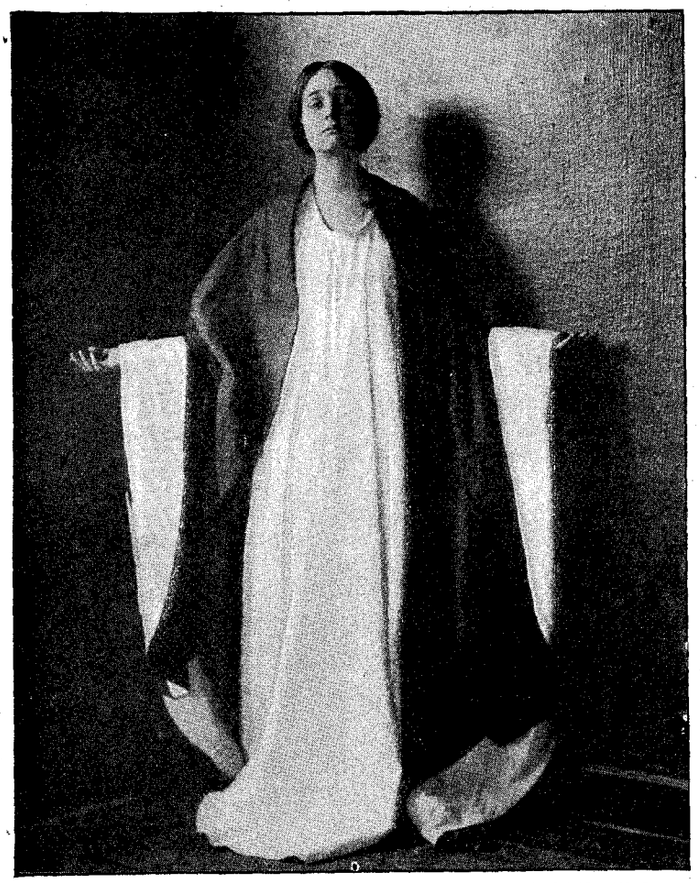
poem. Then the niches are darkened and the light is concentrated on the stage.

Abject, in wretchedness of body and mind, Job is discerned crouching on the ground. Near him stand his three friends.



MARGARET MOWER AS ONE OF THE NARRATORS IN "THE BOOK OF JOB"
(Judith Lowry was the other Narrator)

Job begins his lament with a curse on the day he was born. Then Eliphaz begins to reason with him. His words are considerate; but, tactful as he tries to be, he cannot conceal the fact that he regards suffering as a just punishment of evil-doing, and therefore bids Job to accept his chastening in good spirit. This is the philosophy of all three friends, and it angers Job.

What the dramatic representation of this poem makes clear, as even frequent reading of the poem may fail to disclose, is the very human qualities of these men as they discuss this the deepest mystery of life—the mystery of suffering. They get personal. They find that theories when applied to a particular case touch the quick. When Job bursts out on his friends in hot protest, you see them turn to leave him in indignation, and then you see why he bids them stop and listen. When he shows his disbelief in their philosophy by declaring of himself,

"He that hath clean hands shall wax stronger and stronger,"

you see the friends again start to leave him in disgust at what they think his blasphemy. And when he calls them back again,

"But return ye, all of you, and come now!"

they deign to turn to him, only to meet with this bit of grim humor,

"And I shall not find a wise man among you."

Once in a while Job's vehemence spurs his friends into an attempt to interrupt, but Job's patience, proverbial though it is, does not amount to passivity, for he checks them with

"Hold your peace, let me alone, that I may speak."

In such ways as this the action on the stage lends to the words not only force, but clearness, and gives to the whole poem a body of humanity.

And when Elihu, the young man, undertakes to participate in the discussion, the spectator can see why his speech is hesitating at the start. There, not only in the language, but in the action, is the evidence of the diffidence as well as the self-assurance of youth.

Then, with the coming of the whirlwind, the thunder, and the Voice, the scene is darkened and the words of men are silenced; and the whole question of the mystery of suffering is visibly engulfed in the mystery of all life.

From the time when the first shaft of light illumined the figures of the Narrators to the closing moment when the light faded from the niches as the Narrators spoke the last word of the epilogue, the audience sat in stilled absorption of the vast dramatic problem as they heard it and saw it. There was no affectation of reverence; there was nothing like the demeanor which people are likely to assume in the presence of something regarded as traditionally sacred. The hush was not the factitious quiet of a congregation exercising with some difficulty a conscious self-restraint. It was the hush of attention.

That audience had probably its share of ordinary human beings. Some of them had probably come to the theater out of curiosity. Some were perhaps prepared for the usual disappointment in store for those who attend the dramatization of Biblical events. Some, perhaps, had pietistic leanings. Some may have been students. It is safe to say, however, that if there were any who left the theater in the mood in which they came it was because they had little capacity for anything besides the usual Broadway show, the prayer-meeting, or the class-room. Capacity for appreciating the nature of some of the great questions that in all ages have searched the hearts of men has been immensely enlarged by the war. The mood of men to-day is receptive to such a poem as the Book of Job. In the sufferings of Serbia and Belgium, in the inexplicable power of an unscrupulous group of military leaders to bring immeasurable woe upon the world, in the vast, belligerent patience of France, men have been confronted with that which confronted Job and his friends. And the closer they have come to the experience of the world at war, the more keenly can they appreciate the impatience of the patient Job with mere pietistic or mere theological explanations of that experience. It ought not to be surprising that an audience of to-day should find themselves absorbed in the work of a master of literature who, though counted among the most ancient of the ancients, came as near as any writer ever has come to encompassing the mystery that has assumed the form of a gigantic war to baffle a world of moderns.

Of all the figures in this visualized poem, the one that remains most vividly in the mind is the Job of George Gaul. It is a figure of great vigor, manliness, masculinity. To say that even David Bispham was not equal to representing the Voice out of the Whirlwind without lending to the representation a suggestion of the theatrical is hardly a criticism. The task that he had was all but impossible. To say that the three friends and Elihu (represented by Walter Hampden, who, by the way, will be remembered as Manson in "The Servant in the House") were less impressive than Job is not a criticism, for the ancient writer made Job one of the most impressive characters in all literature. All those who participated, as well as Mr. Walker, who directed the performance, and Mr. Elliott Schenck, who arranged the music, succeeded beyond what we should have imagined possible. Yet it is right that special mention should be made of the dignity, restraint, and power of Mr. Gaul's personification of Job.

If, as we hope, this dramatic rendering (it cannot be called a play) is to be repeatedly given, we commend those who attend it to Richard G. Moulton's edition of Job. In that little volume will be found the book of the play printed very much as it is given at the Booth Theater. In that volume, as in the play, such sentences as "Then Eliphaz the Temanite answered and said," and "Moreover Job continued his parable and said," are treated not as part of the text but as stage directions. So with the prose introduction to the monologue of Elihu. Perhaps to some it may be of some service to read the book in this form before seeing the performance. To others the seeing of the performance without a previous reading may make a more vivid impression. "Job," however, is a book to be read. And when it is read it should be read as it was intended to be—not as a set of texts but as a dramatic poem. And if it is once seen as a dramatic poem it will never be thought of by the spectator as anything else.

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UNCLE SAM'S ATHLETIC SYSTEM

WHAT IS BEING DONE FOR THE PHYSICAL TRAINING OF THE MEN IN SERVICE AND WHY

BY WALTER CAMP

GOVERNMENT DIRECTOR OF ATHLETICS FOR THE NAVAL TRAINING CAMPS

THE COMMISSION ON TRAINING CAMP ACTIVITIES

A STATEMENT MADE BY THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY FOR THE OUTLOOK

Victory depends upon the control of muscles. Men must be able to make thought instant action, when the fate of a fleet depends upon the flying signal for full speed ahead or astern, the turning of a turret, or the firing of a gun. The lives of thousands hang upon the movement of a hand.

Mechanical perfection is demanded in the machinery that drives the vessel, turns the turret, and fires the guns. More important is the man. More than a machine, his body is yet the most marvelous of machinery. Systematic exercise, athletics, is to perfect it and make him master of the whole.

The athletic programme of the Navy Department Commission on Training Camp Activities under Walter Camp is vital. Its importance to the Navy cannot be too strongly stressed. *(Signed)* JOSEPHUS DANIELS.

IT is only through having higher ideals that progress comes. When this war began, Secretary Baker and Secretary Daniels believed that, in spite of the records, our training camps and naval stations could set an example that would mark our war as epochal in the way of caring for the thousands of young men drawn from our homes. They believed that all the safeguards possible should surround these youth. It was easy to enact laws, it was simple to legislate against evil. But laws and legislation had been tried before. All the machinery of that nature had been put in operation in other countries and at times in our own without producing satisfactory results. It seemed, therefore, that the problem must be attacked from another angle, and Secretary Baker therefore established the War Commission on Training Camp Activities, with Raymond B. Fosdick as Chairman and Dr. Raycroft in charge of athletics, followed soon after by Secretary Daniels in the establishment of a similar Commission on Naval Training Camp Activities. This is indeed a ponderous title, but it means, in short, as Secretary Daniels has described it, "home conditions." It means that every boy is to be given just as much chance for relaxation as he might have enjoyed under the special conditions of his own home life. At home, whether in school or college or business, he had his evenings and his Saturday afternoons and Sundays for his amusements. Every man gradually lays out a sort of schedule of these things, and during the day and the week looks forward toward those amusements with anticipation. On Friday night or Saturday morning his thoughts can hardly help straying a bit to the pleasure he expects to have in those days of rest. Suddenly all these thousands of young men were to be thrown out of this normal environment, taken perhaps thousands of miles from their homes, and placed in Army cantonments or naval stations. Let the average man stop for a moment and think how he would feel if he were to be suddenly deprived of the pleasures of his evenings and his Saturday afternoons and holidays! Suppose he had nothing to which he might look forward but just the daily grind!

These two Commissions on Training Camp Activities, under Mr. Fosdick as Chairman, were called upon to face this problem and determine how it might be solved. When the young man was taken out of his home and placed in a camp, was it possible to transfer his environment with him? The solution looked extremely difficult; but the first step was to consider what the conditions were, and then meet them. What to-day are the things that appeal most to youth? First, his sports, without question; then amusements, like the movies or theaters or singing. The Commissions must therefore plan to give him these or else confess themselves beaten at the start, and allow the camps to go forward in the old desultory way of other camps of the past. Hit-or-miss athletics the American boy has outgrown. He has tasted the satisfaction of really organized athletics, and his baseball, football, and basket-ball are all team games that he admires. And in the winter there is hockey to be added. Of the more individual sports track games and boxing probably appeal more than any other to the average man. And at this point it may be well to show the public why it was advisable for the Government itself, through the two Secretaries, to establish its own method and a new machinery for the purpose of reproducing this home environment. There were already in the Army and Navy two direct athletic agencies, but each one of these had other matters to look after. These two were the regular athletic officer of the division or station and the Y. M. C. A. leader. They had been in charge of such matters, and both had been extremely helpful. The chaplains had also contributed great aid along these lines. But in order to handle any such increase in numbers as was now facing the Government, new and more specially adapted machinery was imperative if speedy results were to be accomplished. The regular duties caused by such an increased number would tax the officers and chaplains to the limit, while Y. M. C. A. workers also would find their hands full.

Hence the Commission was formed and its work placed directly under Government control. It was possible to secure certain appropriations immediately, and in addition to these appropriations hundreds of private individuals, knowing the imperative need of the work and the necessity of quick action, backed it liberally with funds. The result was that the Commission was not only able to organize but to reach almost from the start a great majority of the camps and stations, giving them the immediate benefit of trained organizers as well as a considerable amount of equipment. Athletic directors, song leaders, boxers, and other instructors have been stationed and real organization effected. So much so that the late summer and the fall saw all kinds of organized athletics and amusements established, and by the time the football season was on there were more teams in the country than ever before, and the boys in the service had some of the best of them, too! There was excellent co-operation between the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, the chaplains and athletic officers, and the regularly appointed representatives of the Commission, for all were working toward a common end. The War Camp Recreation Community of the Playground and Recreation Society also did splendid work about the camps, as did other organizations of similar character. The Commission itself undertook also the work of seeing that the laws relative to the surroundings of these camps and stations were observed and enforced.

That the work has been one of stupendous magnitude only those can appreciate who have followed it or who have had some previous experience along kindred lines. But it has been accomplished. There is much further development and a continuing need for it, but the first steps have been made, the organization perfected, the sports given, and the home environment duplicated, and consequently the horrible experiences of former mobilization of civilians in a country not ready for war have not been repeated. Our boys have had a chance at clean and wholesome sport of the kind to which they had been accustomed; they have a chance to look forward to their off hours

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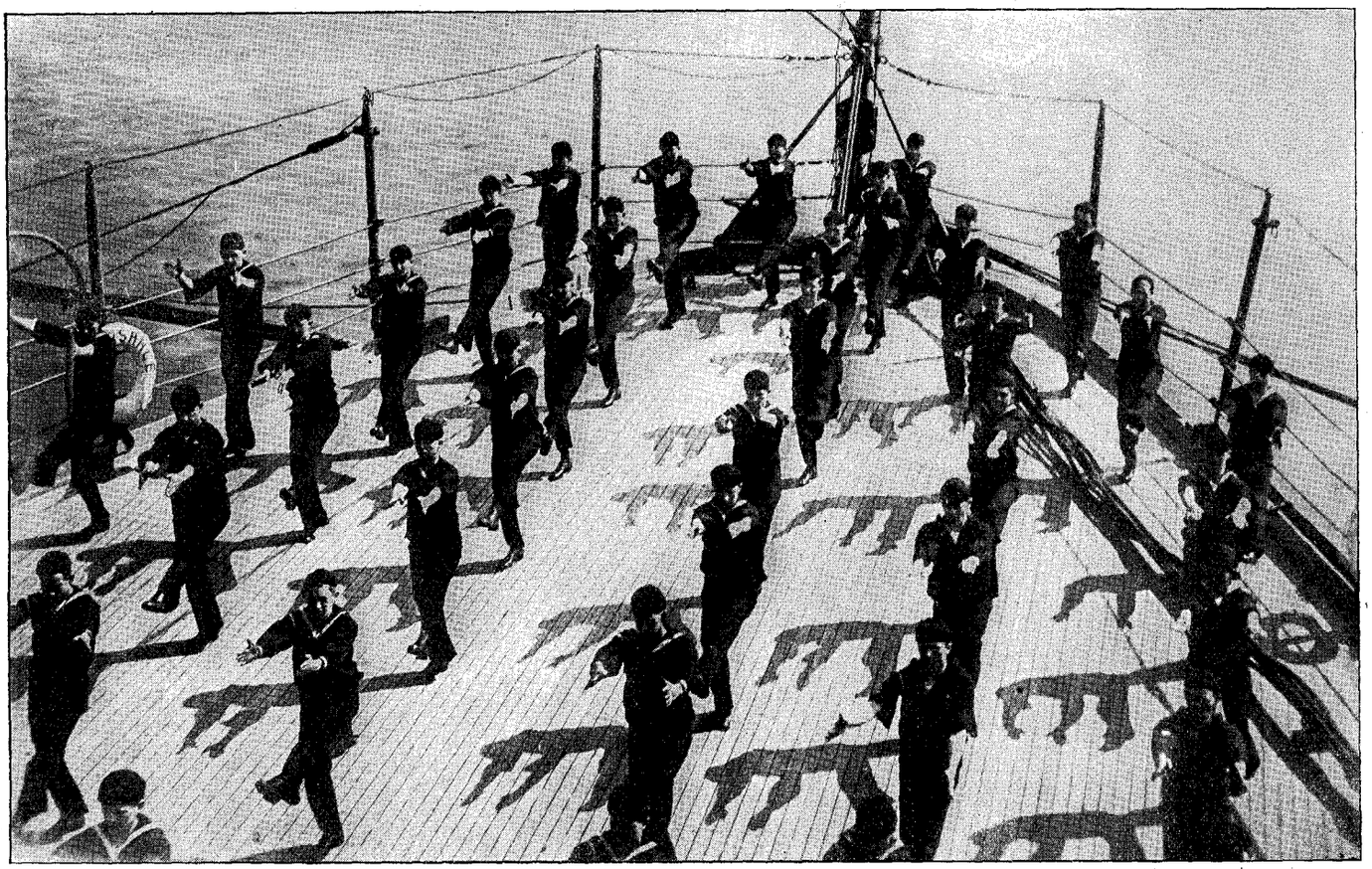

SETTING-UP EXERCISES ON THE DECK OF ONE OF UNCLE SAM'S WAR-SHIPS

and days off just as they did at home, and the final result of this is that they are "running straighter" than any such body of young men thrown into cantonments and naval stations suddenly have ever run before, and Secretary Baker and Secretary Daniels and Chairman Fosdick deserve the blessings of thousands of mothers and fathers for the work.

As an example of what is being done in all these stations we will take one, namely, the First Naval District in Boston. Here Director Brown has just been making an innovation in organizing tug-o'-war teams. This sport has sprung into popularity at the Boston Station, and a tug-o'-war event will be featured at many of the track meets and at boxing and wrestling exhibitions which will be given during the remainder of the winter.

Mr. Brown has a squad of forty men on his track team. The showing made by the team from this station at the Boston A. A. games February 2 has given track athletics an encouraging outlook.

The boxing and wrestling teams which have been developed at the Boston Station are regarded as the finest collections of athletes in these sports developed in the Navy this season. A dual meet in boxing and wrestling has been arranged between the Boston Station and the Camp Devens teams in the large Recreation Hall at Camp Devens.

At Commonwealth Pier, Boston, basket-ball is played by hundreds of men, and keen interest is shown in boxing, wrestling, swimming, and track athletics.

Athletics are being organized at the Machias Naval Station Branch of the Boston Station. Boxing and track athletics have comprised the first work done. Here is a further report:

"Probably the two strongest basket-ball teams in naval stations in New England will meet in the game which has just been arranged between the Boston and the Pelham Bay fives.

"Warm interest is displayed in the Boston Station in the short-hand setting-up exercises which have just been introduced in the various camps of this Station. At the Bumkin Island camp every man in the station, one thousand in all, has taken up the exercise, which is regarded as a highly agreeable change from the former calisthenics. In the Boston Navy-Yard, the Harvard Radio School, the Portland Naval Station, the Machias Naval Station, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Naval Aviation Station large classes in the setting-up exercises have been organized. Especially keen interest is displayed at the Technology Station, where the men are so busy that they have had no time for athletics or recreational sport, but have welcomed the short-hand set-ups, which require only about fifteen minutes' time daily, and which leave the men exhilarated physically."

One of the most vital problems which the world war has pushed forward for solution is the general physical fitness of the American people.

The revelations made of their physical unfitness for military or for any exacting service have been astounding. In some draft districts it has been found necessary to summon two thousand men in order to get two hundred who are fit to begin service.

To remedy this a campaign to improve the National physical condition, to make it fitter for either campaigns or competition of war or peace, is one of the most important of the tasks which, at the present moment, confront the stay-at-homes to perform, not only on behalf of those who have gone to war, but on behalf of the future generations of both classes—the descendants of the present generation of Americans.

We are doing everything possible to see that the men in the service are kept physically and morally fit, that such diversion, such athletics, such exercises as tend to this result are fostered in every possible way. And regarding this we have no stronger statement than the one which the Chairman of the Commission, Mr. Fosdick, has just sent me:

"We have ample evidence that athletic games are developing self-control, agility, mental alertness, and initiative, all of which are bases upon which to build military training. The training camps and stations of the country are now giving to men whose boyhood ended all too soon an opportunity to play as they never played before. We believe that the harder men play the harder they will fight."

The writer has had opportunities to meet officers of other countries from time to time, and they have expressed themselves as very much impressed with the result of this work that is being done by the Commission. It would be impossible to go into technical detail, but the mass of reports coming in daily from these stations show that the departments have succeeded

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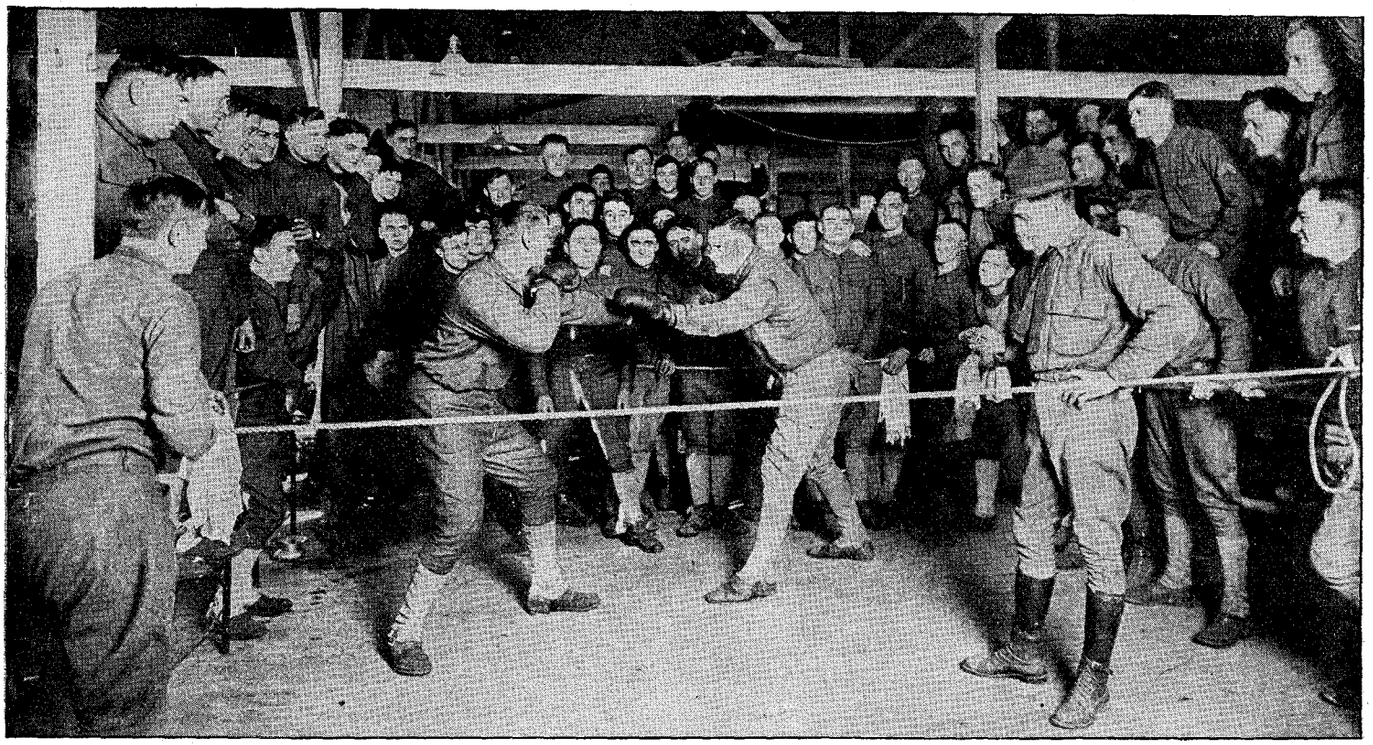

ENLISTED MEN BOXING IN THE BARRACKS AT CAMP GRANT

Boxing, because of its close relationship to bayonet fighting, is the only compulsory sport on the comprehensive athletic programme provided for our soldiers and sailors by the War and Navy Departments' Commissions on Training Camp Activities

through this Commission in really establishing home conditions, and, in fact, doing even better, by providing not only home conditions but the technical instruction which a great portion of these boys were unable to enjoy at home. Hence all these boys of ours in the Service are having mind and body cared for through systematic exercise and athletics as never before, and, in addition to this, they are learning all the detail and technique necessary for the Service.

JOSEPHUS DANIELS

THE MAN WHO HAS DEMOCRATIZED THE NAVY

BY THEODORE H. PRICE

EDITOR OF "COMMERCE AND FINANCE"

PRESIDENT WILSON made Josephus Daniels Secretary of the Navy in March, 1913. Of all his Cabinet appointments this was probably the most criticised. What can a newspaper editor know about ships? was the question that was generally and censoriously asked, and it was usually answered with a shrug of the shoulders and the statement that the President was paying a political debt.

The Raleigh "News and Observer," which Mr. Daniels owned and edited, had advocated Mr. Wilson's nomination and election. By popular subscription in small amounts, including a contribution of only $100 from its proprietor and editor, this paper had raised some twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars for the Democratic campaign fund. Mr. Daniels had been a member of the Democratic National Committee since 1896, and the political cynicism that was eager to find an unworthy and ulterior motive in every act of a minority President was quick to assume that these facts and the selection made for the Navy portfolio had the relation of cause and effect. For a time the imputation, which was ignored by both the President and Mr. Daniels, led to a prejudiced interpretation of the latter's every act.

But four years have now elapsed. We have been at war eleven months. From a force of 4,500 officers and 68,000 enlisted men in January, 1917, the Navy has grown to 17,000 officers and 325,000 enlisted men, including Marines and Reserves. It had 130 stations of all kinds in January, 1917. It now has 363. The number of employees at the regular navy-yards in the United States has increased from 35,000 to over 66,000.

On shore and afloat, including civilians and sailors, the naval establishment now embraces more than four hundred thousand persons.

On January 1, 1917, there were but three hundred naval vessels of all kinds in commission. To-day there are more than one thousand, and under the command of a corps of officers who have become the admiration of the world they are doing brilliant and effective service in making the seas safe for democracy.

In every department the Navy is functioning with precision, promptitude, and efficiency. We had hardly declared war before our fleets were in Europe. And the Secretary under whose direction all this has been accomplished is now rediscovered as one of the ablest heads the Navy ever had.

Impressed by this revision of public opinion in regard to a man upon whose leadership and administrative ability so much depends, I have been led to make a somewhat critical study of his career and personality with the purpose of ascertaining whether the confidence that he has come to inspire is justified.

It is at all times difficult equitably to appraise a public man. It is especially difficult when a nation is at war and the man is at the head of one of the great departments that is charged with the duty of waging the war. As few of us ever see those who are in the public eye and fewer still can know them intimately, we must depend on the newspapers for impressions, and the man who can reach the people despite the barrage of a hostile press must be genuine in his sympathy and courageous in his democracy.

I count it, therefore, greatly in Mr. Daniels's favor that despite the censoriousness of the press the people have come to trust him and believe in him; for Lincoln expressed a profound truth when he said, "You can't deceive all of the people all the time."

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The same progressive growth of confidence in Mr. Daniels's honesty and good sense is to be discerned among the naval officers with whom I have talked. They were at first disposed to resent his democracy, for the traditions of the Navy are essentially aristocratic, and no little resentment was expressed when the Secretary issued his famous order forbidding the service of alcoholic drinks on naval vessels or in the yards. But now that we are at war, the wisdom of that order is generally admitted, and the painstaking impartiality with which both quarter-deck and forecastle have been treated is making Mr. Daniels one of the most popular Secretaries that the Navy ever had.

In a letter to Senator Overman written by Mrs. Dewey shortly after Admiral Dewey's death she said: "I wish you and the people of the country also to know that my husband felt for the present Secretary of the Navy, Hon. Josephus Daniels, a sincere affection. Only a short time ago the Admiral said: 'I have been in the Navy sixty-two years and have served under many Secretaries, but Secretary Daniels is the best Secretary we have ever had and has done more for the Navy than any other. I am amazed by his knowledge of technical matters. He has studied profoundly, and his opinion is founded on close observation.'"

Much the same opinion would probably be expressed to-day by most naval officers, and the enthusiasm and the effective team work that are making the Navy what it is would hardly be possible otherwise.

In Washington the other day I inquired of an officer who had come into the service from civil life since the war how it was that the Navy was functioning so efficiently. His answer was: "We have a good administrator in the Secretary. He plays no favorites. He trusts us. He puts responsibilities upon us and kicks us out impartially if we fail. We can rely upon fair treatment, and we are all on our mettle."

From the first Mr. Daniels's ideas seemed to have been to establish an equality of opportunity in the Navy and to make it thereby attractive to the more intelligent youths of the country. Prior to his administration enlisted men had occasionally become officers, but the path of promotion was a difficult one and was barred by an examination that only those who had both an academic and a technical education could pass. As there was no way of getting this education aboard ship, the sailor's opportunity to obtain a commission was only theoretical, and the service had little attraction for the ambitious young man unless he could enter it by way of Annapolis.

Now this is changed. There are schools for the enlisted men on every ship. Attendance is compulsory, and every sailor who is willing to study hard enough can get the education that is necessary to obtain a commission. The officers are the teachers, and, although some of them protested that they did not enter the service to be pedagogues, they are commencing to realize that in instructing others they are learning much themselves.

Since we entered the war over one thousand men have been advanced from warrant officers to commissioned officers and over thirteen hundred enlisted men have been promoted to warrant officers. Upon the recommendation of the Secretary, four years ago Congress passed a law giving him authority to nominate annually one hundred enlisted sailors under twenty years of age for examination and entry as cadets at Annapolis, and last year a young man who had entered the Academy in this way was the president of his class. In his annual report Mr. Daniels says that it is his purpose to extend this principle further when the war is ended and to recommend that after passing his entrance examination every appointee to the Naval Academy should go to sea and serve at least one year as an enlisted man before entering Annapolis.

He says that the American ideal is that men shall obtain high station by beginning at the lowest rung in the ladder, and that they should secure place and position by first mastering the primary duties.

He has applied this theory in the case of his own sons, one of whom upon the outbreak of the war enlisted as a private in the Marine Corps, while another, aged eighteen, is a cadet at Annapolis. This cadet, by the way, is named Worth Bagley Daniels, after Mrs. Daniels's brother, Lieutenant Worth Bagley, who was the first American naval officer to be killed in the Spanish-American War. Another brother of Mrs. Daniels, Commander David Worth Bagley, is a naval officer who narrowly escaped death last December when the United States vessel Jacob Jones was sunk off the French coast; and it was perhaps because of his wife's naval affiliations that the Secretary was first drawn toward his present position.

In his persistent fight against what he has described as the "fetish of seniority" Mr. Daniels has also shown a determination to make merit rather than the accident of position the determinant of high rank in the Navy. He has secured the passage of a law under which all promotions above the rank of lieutenant-commanders are the result of selection by a board of experienced officers who decide whether the candidate has given proof of his ability to command.

In commenting upon the operation of this law in his annual report the Secretary expresses a view that most Americans will approve in saying that "the day of promotion by seniority in the line of the Navy has forever passed. It was the ideal system for rewarding mediocrity in the same manner as initiative, resource, and great ability were rewarded. It was un-American and was apparently framed with the object of protecting the less efficient from the chagrin of seeing the more efficient advanced over their heads. It denied the stimulus of a reward for professional excellence. Under the new law, whereby line officers above the rank of lieutenant-commander are promoted by selection, the question of approved ability rather than length of service determines promotions. It well demonstrates its superiority over the antiquated seniority system, which tended to put a premium upon mediocrity and ultra-prudence. If a man 'played for safety' under that system, he was far surer of promotion than if he had the sand to do something new that involved some chance of accident. Safety and prudence are requisites, but every naval officer who is remembered had the courage, when it would serve his country, to take a chance by an audacious and daring move."

The schools for sailors, promotion from the ranks, and the substitution of fitness for seniority as a qualification for high position are typical of the reforms by which Josephus Daniels has democratized the Navy and made it efficient. He is never inaccessible. The enlisted man and the officer are always sure of a sympathetic hearing and just treatment if they have anything to complain of. By inquiry I learned that on the day that I visited him the Secretary had found time to see three sailors who felt that they had grievances; and, as far as I can discover, it is to the spirit of comradeship thus manifested that the present enthusiasm of the naval personnel is due. Mr. Daniels says that he wants every man in the service to feel that it is "his Navy;" and he tells with pride how a young officer, when asked by an English admiral upon the arrival of our first flotilla of destroyers in Ireland when the boats would be ready for service, answered, "We are ready now, sir."

By some it is regarded as remarkable that a newspaper editor, whose previous experience could hardly have been regarded as a training for such responsibilities, has developed the capacity for leadership that the present Secretary of the Navy has displayed; but, as boy and man, Mr. Daniels seems to have been unconsciously fitting himself for the position that he now occupies.

He has always been a hard worker with the capacity for taking infinite pains that Carlyle said was a mark of genius. He was born in Washington, North Carolina, in 1862. At the age of nineteen he was publishing a weekly newspaper at Wilson, North Carolina, and reading law. He was admitted to the bar but never practiced, preferring to serve society and study humanity and the humanities from the editor's chair. Those who have had any experience in that school will understand its educational value. From Wilson he went to Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina, where he became editor and owner of the "State Chronicle," a weekly paper that had been previously under the direction of Walter H. Page, our present Ambassador to England.

The year 1893 was one of acute financial depression in the South. Subscriptions were hard to collect and advertising harder to get, and to make both ends meet the young editor came to Washington and took the position of Chief Clerk of the Interior Department under Hoke Smith, who had been appointed Secretary of the Interior by Mr. Cleveland. During

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the day he worked for the Government and at night he worked for himself, editing his paper by mail and writing breezy letters from Washington that so increased his circulation that by 1895 he was able to acquire control of the "News and Observer," then and now one of the leading daily papers of the State. Combining his new acquisition with the "Chronicle," he made his position in the world of journalism secure, and returned to Raleigh, where he remained until Mr. Wilson asked him to take the Navy portfolio. Since he became a Cabinet officer he has simply kept on working, but while working he has been a sympathetic listener and an apt learner.

Thus he has made himself, as Admiral Dewey said, the best Secretary of the Navy we have ever had, and thus he has vindicated the President's judgment in appointing him as well as his own theory with regard to promotion by selection for merit rather than seniority. He knows his job and he sticks to it. As far as I have been able to discover, he never takes a vacation. He does not even go on the inspection cruises that some of his predecessors used to find so necessary in hot weather.

He is kindly, sympathetic, painstaking, and intelligent. His democracy is chiefly manifest in his desire to help men; and it is because he believes that he can do this best by teaching them to help themselves that, from cabin boy to admiral, the Navy is to-day able to answer, "We are ready now, sir."

FIRST TO FALL

(W. C. S., CLASS OF '15)

BY ELIZABETH HANLY

I cannot think of you among the immortals,
One of a grave-eyed reverential host;
I picture you come back a gallant ghost
To seek again these stately, shadowy portals
And hide your khaki 'neath a scholar's gown.
I can imagine how your face will lighten
When you behold against the western sky,
Brilliant and bold, the service banners fly,
And one by one the frat house windows brighten
Above the river as the sun goes down.

Then sauntering down the chapel aisle you go,
Insouciant, indifferent, and slow,
A sidelong glance of mingled pride and shame
For the bright tablet that will bear your name.

SOLDIERS OF LAW AND ORDER[1]

SOME ADVENTURES OF THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE POLICE

II—HOT WEATHER

BY KATHERINE MAYO

AUTHOR OF "JUSTICE TO ALL," THE STANDARD AUTHORITY ON STATE POLICE

THIS happened in Pittsburgh in mid-July. For days and nights the heat had been merciless. It had beaten through the roofs and walls and pavements until roofs and walls and pavements gasped it sevenfold back. It lay and weltered in streets and alleys, a thick and sticky pestilence. The two great rivers, sweating beneath it, clogged the air with steam. No escape anywhere.

The people's first resistance had worn away. Weak ones were falling, each into his own pit—the weakest first.

Mary Kaufman's time came early. Mary Kaufman had not much chance. Physically she was a chip, a rag. Her weight was under a hundred pounds, and the little length she had was her only dimension. She was under-nourished, anæmic, feebly hysterical. Her inheritance, if she had thought of such things, might have scared her. Her personal history was dull. She was married, and her married life, poor but not poverty-stricken, had been troubled. She had one child, a seven-year-old boy, and she sometimes wished the boy was dead. The boy himself was a bright little creature, loving and gentle and happy-hearted, but his spirit did not penetrate the fretful mind of his mother, who saw in him only a burden to carry in a tiresome world.

Under the great, relentless heat—day after day of it, night after night—Mary Kaufman began to brood, with a vague resentment of the whole scheme of life. Then came a morning when she arose from her comfortless, tousled bed into the grip of an idea.

Under its spell she dressed herself and the boy, and, without stopping for any pretense of food, hurried out into the street and away to the railway station. There she bought tickets to Kittanning, distant some sixty miles.

Half-way to Kittanning, at a station called Butler Junction, just as the train had finished its stop and was about pulling out, Mary Kaufman suddenly sprang to her feet, and, dragging the boy after her, hurried out of the car—the rattletrap day-coach gritty with cinders, pasted with soot, reeking with heat and with sickening smells of bananas and coal gas and humanity.

She hurried out of the car, dragging the child after her. And just as the couplings gave their first jerk a brakeman saw the two jump off, on the wrong side of the track.

He called his conductor. Hanging from the platform the better to watch her, the two men saw her climb down toward the river bank, then, as though she had changed her mind, veer back and start out along the bridge.

"I don't like that," said the brakeman, as a curve shut off the sight.

"No more do I," agreed the conductor. "What's worse, I thought she was queer when I took her ticket—and—why, yes, by George! That ticket was for Kittanning. She shouldn't have got off here at all!"

"It's my belief," the brakeman observed, "that the woman is crazy, and that she means to drown the boy. She's just looking for the likeliest place to push him off. That's what she's up to, mark my words!"

"With her with a ticket to Kittanning, and getting into some mess on the way, there'll likely be a claim against the company." The conductor's fears increased.

They stopped the train at the first tower station and sent in a warning to Freeport, the seat of the nearest local police.

Meantime Mary Kaufman, pursued by her idea, but as yet confused and vacillating, drifted back across the bridge. Its sheer height and the stabbing glint of the flood beneath as it glittered under the terrible sun in some way failed to command her. She must seek her thought in another form. Wandering still, she strayed through the little river settlement called Garber's Ferry, and so out and beyond, until her eyes fell upon a pleasant old white-columned farm-house, standing back among its green lawns, under the shade of apple trees—comfortable, prosperous, cool.

At this sight, so novel to her fevered eyes, the poor little city-grown straw whirled into a new eddy. She would take the house, so cool and quiet, so white and calm behind the big pillars, beneath the green shade. She would take it, and then,

[1] The first of these stories, "John G.," appeared in The Outlook last week (March 20).

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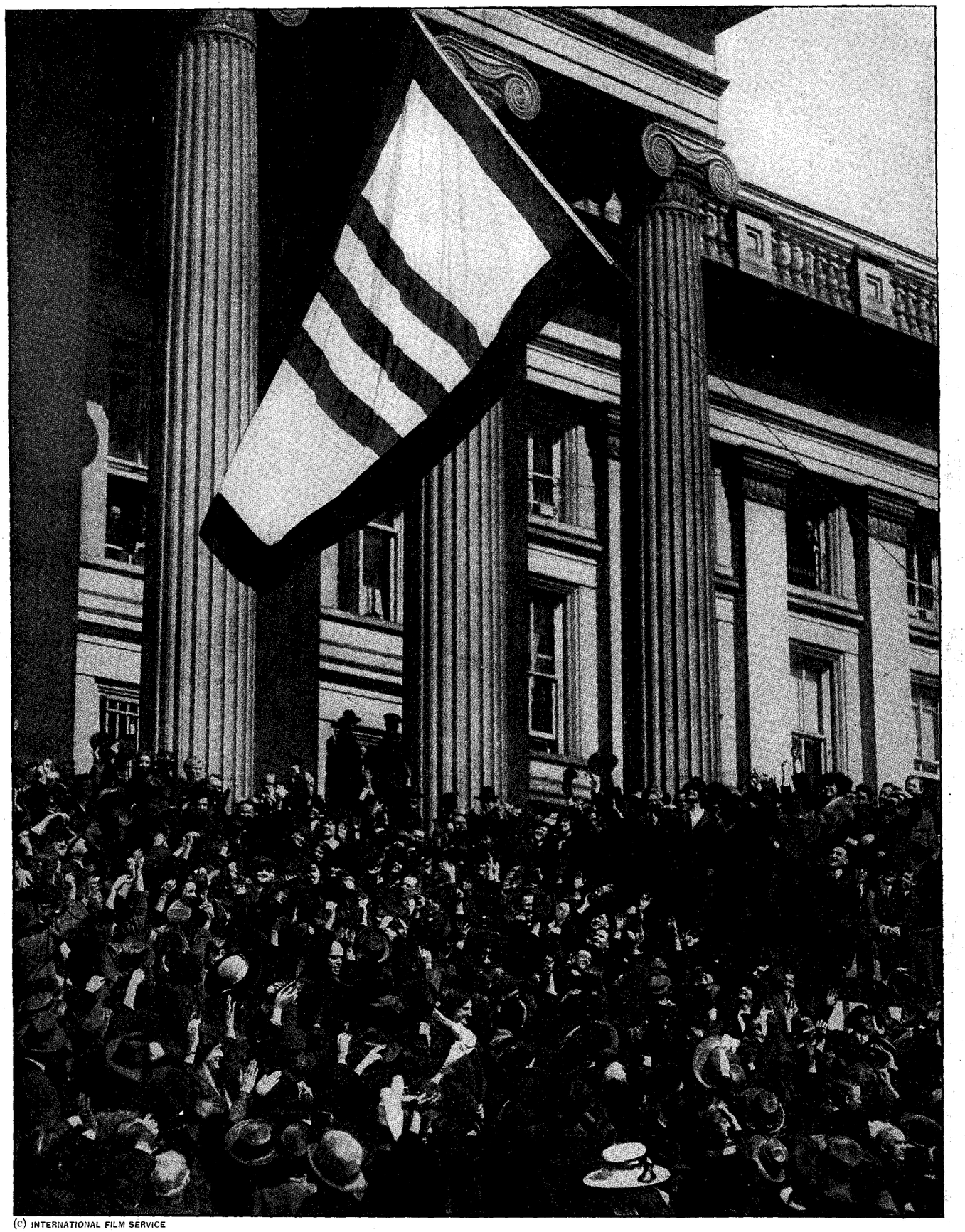

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RAISING A LIBERTY LOAN HONOR FLAG OVER THE UNITED STATES TREASURY BUILDING IN WASHINGTON

This flag, which is the first of a host which it is hoped will soon fly over the cities and towns in the land, was made by Mrs. William G. McAdoo, wife of the Secretary of the Treasury, aided by the wives of other members of the Cabinet. A flag of the same design will be presented to every community which oversubscribes its allotment of bonds in the coming campaign for the Third Liberty Loan

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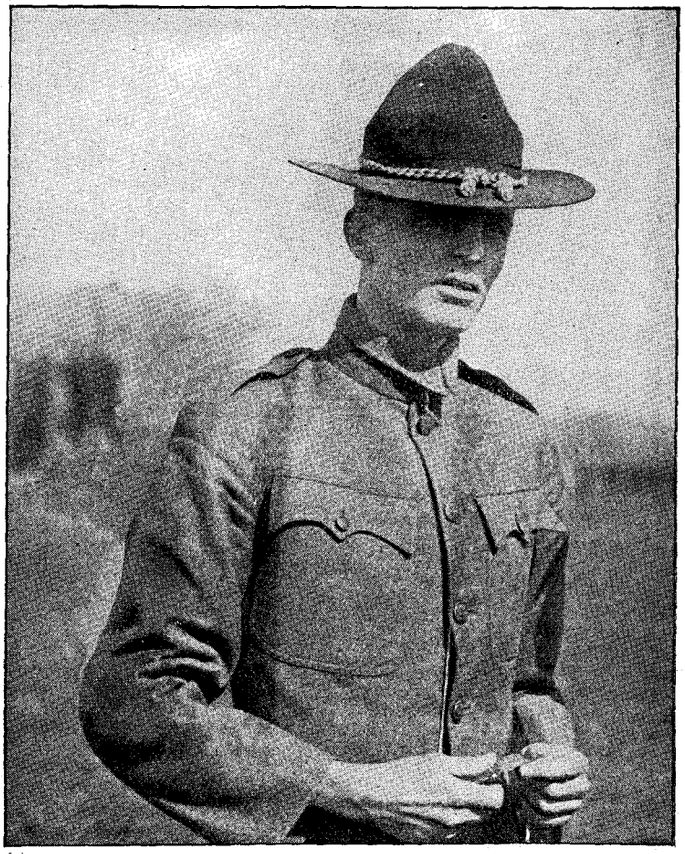
LIEUTENANT JOSEPH L. CANBY

Lieutenant Canby, with five other Americans, was decorated with the Croix de Guerre for bravery under fire. The exploit for which Lieutenant Canby was decorated is reported to have been the capture in No Man's Land, in daylight, unaided, of a German soldier, while exposed to the fire of the enemy



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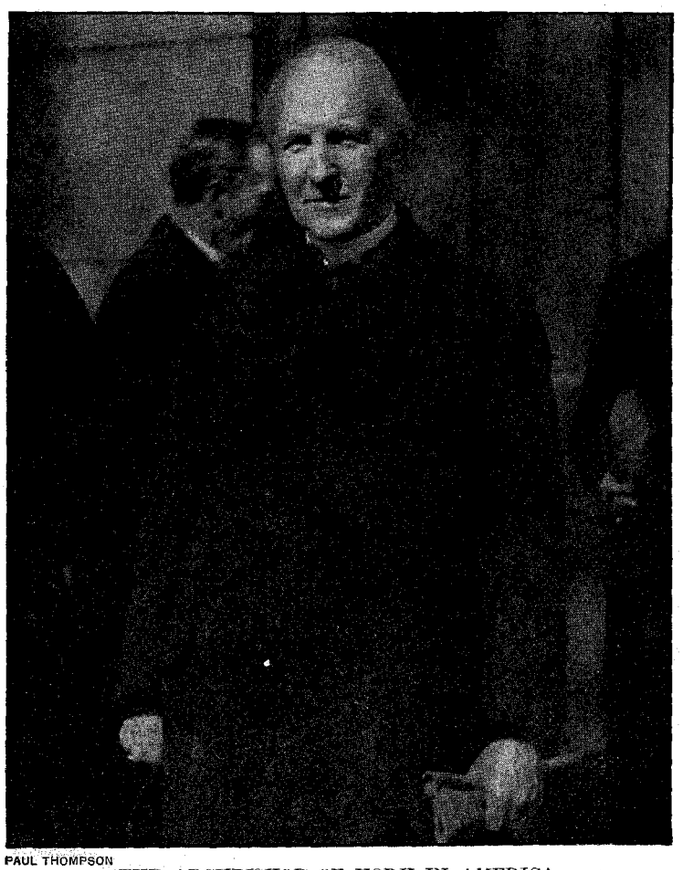
CAPTAIN ARCHIBALD B. ROOSEVELT

Almost simultaneously two despatches came from the front about Captain Roosevelt, who is a son of Theodore Roosevelt. One said that he had been awarded the Croix de Guerre for gallantry in action. The other stated that he had been wounded by shrapnel in the leg and that his arm had been broken

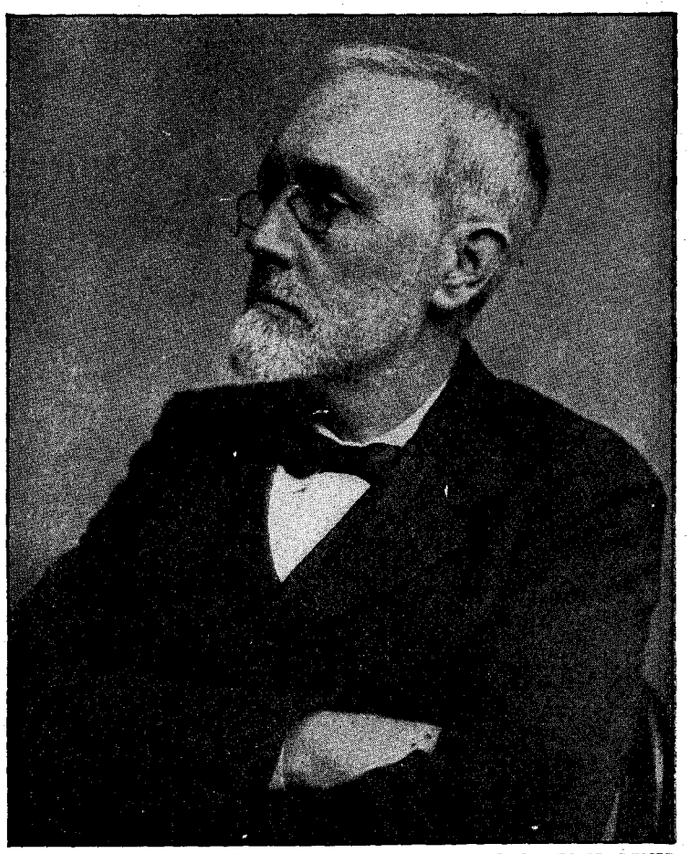
TWO BRAVE OFFICERS OF THE AMERICAN FORCES IN FRANCE



PAUL THOMPSON

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK IN AMERICA

Dr. Lang, Archbishop of York, is on a visit to this country for the purpose of urging Americans, as a patriotic and Christian duty, to speed up their aid to the Allies. He is an eloquent and effective speaker



JOHN DILLON, THE NEW LEADER OF THE IRISH NATIONALISTS

John Dillon, who succeeds John Redmond as Irish leader, was born in 1851. He was educated for the medical profession, but chose a political career. He has a reputation as a Parliamentary orator. He began his career in Parliament in 1880

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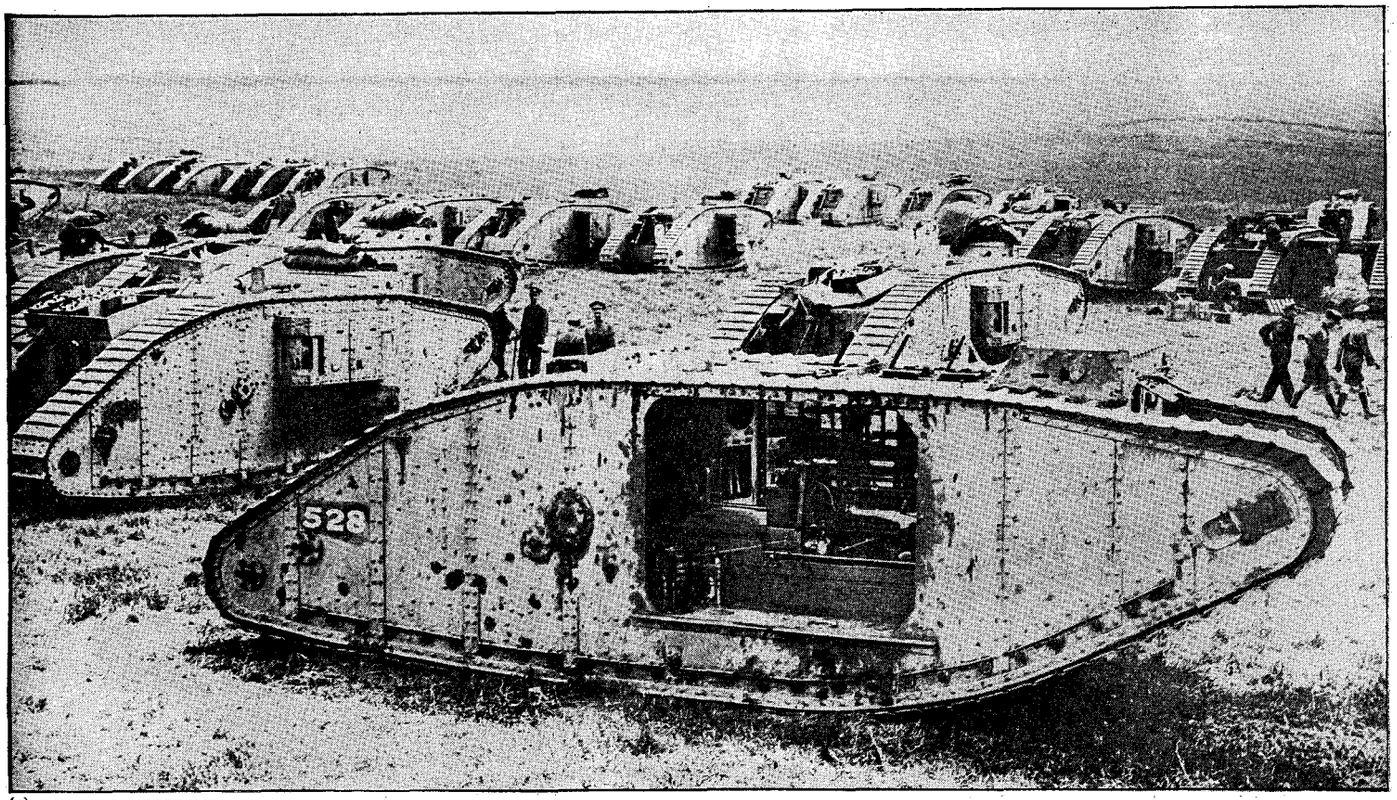

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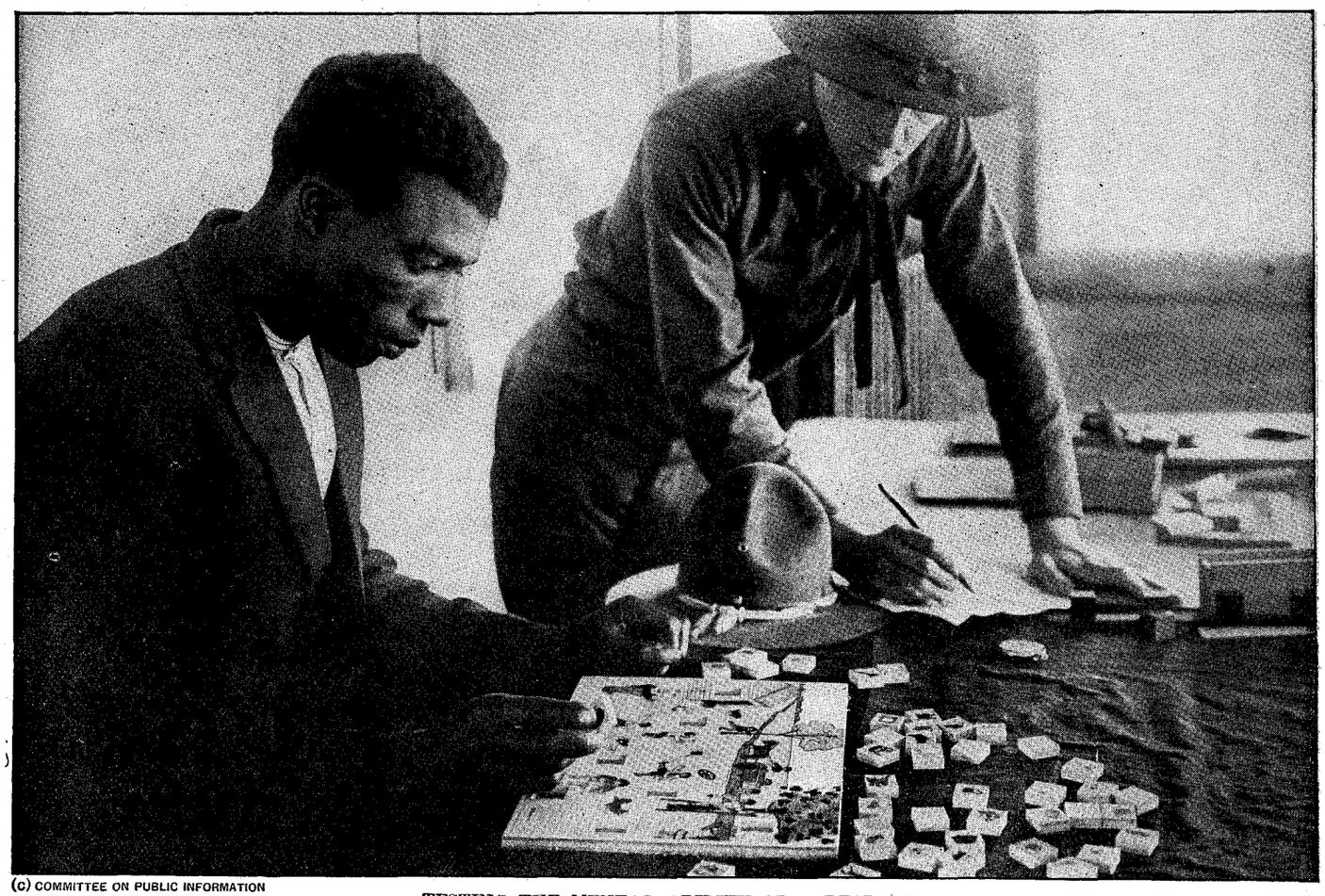
AN ASSEMBLAGE OF BRITISH "TANKS" ON THE WESTERN FRONT

Twenty-odd tanks can be counted in this group. They are, of course, only a fraction of the entire number which the British army has been employing so successfully in its campaign in France. The side armor of the tank in the foreground has been removed, giving an unusual view of the interior of this engine of war. This is a British official photograph



(c) COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

TESTING THE MENTAL ABILITY OF A RECRUIT

The young Negro has what looks like a "picture puzzle" before him. He is required to assemble the various parts of the design in their proper position. The length of time taken in this test forms a basis for classifying the man under examination. On his record for accuracy and speed the examiner bases a recommendation for his assignment to duty

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having killed the boy—she had nothing against the boy, but still she must kill him—she must kill him—she would live in it free as air, all by herself.

Mary Kaufman stood in the doorway, gazing into the eyes of the mistress of the house. It was haying season. Not a man was on the place.

"I have come to live here," said Mary Kaufman.

"But I don't know who you are!" gasped the other.

"No," said Mary, "but I have come here to live. Not with this child. I shall not keep him. I shall live here alone. Go away at once."

"But," cried the mistress, "this is *my* house!"

"If you don't go away this minute—now"—Mary was talking calmly enough, but the pupils of her eyes were very broad and there was warning in her face—"if you don't *run*, *quick*, I shall have to kill you."

The terrified woman waited for no proof. She ran as fast as the heat and the fright and her lack of strength would let her, and she carried the news to the railway station at Garber's Ferry, her nearest refuge.

In the interval Mary Kaufman was looking over her new home. Pleased with all that she saw, she stopped to examine furniture, ornaments, curtains, carpets, even the racks of hunting guns, property of two sportsman members of the family, that hung in the hall. Mary had scarcely even seen a gun before—had almost certainly never held one in her hand. It amused her to pretend to aim them and to play with the locks, and she looked, too, with vague interest at several revolvers and at the boxes of cartridges conveniently at hand. She was thus wholly absorbed when the boy began to whimper at her knees.

"Mamma, I'm so hungry!" wailed the poor little chap. It was already noon, and neither of the pair had broken fast that day.

Mary stared at the child strangely. "Well, I may as well feed you," she concluded. "There's sure to be plenty in the house." So she laid down the rifle she was fondling and moved off toward the kitchen, the famished child trotting behind her, revivified by hope.

There was, indeed, food enough in the house—ample food for many mouths, some of it ready prepared. Mary stood looking at rows of good things—bread, cake, pies, cold meat—and at bins and crocks and jars and bags of stores, while the boy gazed too, with wonder and delight. And while she so stood, motionless, a new impression seized her with a rush.

"Some one is coming to take this house away from me. I can't stop to feed you now—I can't stop for anything. And I'll have to leave you alive a little longer. Come! come!" Snatching the child by the shoulder, she dragged him out of the room, up the stairs, and flung him, weakly wailing, into a corner of the upper hall.

"Stay quiet! There's a good boy! Don't move! Don't make a sound!" she whispered, vehemently. "I'll get you some pie soon. And then I'll kill you. But not now—not just yet. You must wait. First I must lock all the doors. I must get the guns—all the guns, every one."

Hurrying away down the stairs, she labored back, breathless, as fast as her feet would carry her, two heavy rifles in her arms. She bore them into a front chamber and flung them on the bed. Again and again she made the trip, precipitate, as though she knew she had not a moment to lose, until every weapon and all the ammunition had been transferred to her chosen spot. Together they made a small arsenal, for, as it chanced, the men of this household loved firearms, each rivaling the other in the completeness of his stock.

"Now," said Mary, "let them come!"

She stationed herself at a front window, like a minute-man on guard. Scarcely had she done so when the Freeport police, four strong, bore down on the house. They were mopping their brows and panting; they were more than a little irritated at the trifling nature of the pretext that brought them so far afield under conditions so extreme.

"Wait here in the road," said the chief. "I'll go and bring her out. No need of everybody going in. It might excite her." He started up the walk.

"Who are you?" It was a sharp, thin, woman's voice calling from an upper window.

"Freeport police."

"Well, you ain't wanted here. Go right back to Freeport."

"No, no," cried the chief, as if remonstrating with a child. "You can't talk like that to a policeman, you know. I'm here to get you. You must come right along now with me."

Again he started up the walk, but stopped short as a bullet sang over his head.

"For God's sake, look out!" cried the voices behind him, and in the same instant he caught sight of a small white face in the upper window, peering down at him along the barrel of a rifle, from whose muzzle rose a coil of smoke. Wise man that he was, he turned and ran for cover like a deer. When he peered out again, not one of his confrères remained in sight.

"S'st!" came presently from behind a tree.

"S'st!" "S'st!" echoed other shelters.

"Let's hike back and get word to the burgess," whispered the tree. "This looks serious. We don't want to do anything rash." So they stole away.

Meantime the countryside was gathering. The railway police appeared, neighboring farmers, village folk. The midday sun blazed high, and they sought out spots of shaded concealment whence to spy upon the infested house, wherein to plot. Now and again some bolder spirit ventured a sortie, instantly to draw a shot. The aim was erratic, uncalculable, and none the pleasanter for that. There was no safety zone.

"There's those girls camping over yonder on the Carnegie Institute Tech. grounds! They're easy within range of that big rifle!" exclaimed a voice from an unseen source.

"Yes, and there's a hundred of 'em, if there's one. Just as like as not to stop a bullet, any of 'em. They probably think all this racket's just skylarkin'. They won't be watchin' out."

"Somebody ought to tell 'em."

"Crack! Crack!" A small green branch with a splintered stem sailed down among the speakers.

A pause. Then a dubious voice: "We-ell, I don't know how *you* feel, but *I* ain't so crazy about movin' out from behind this here rock just at present. I reckon them girls 'll come in out of the rain—take care of themselves—don't you?"

"Yes, yes," hastily agreed the others. "Course they will," and made speed to quit the topic.

"Crack!" "Crack!" "Crack!" from the house.

The Freeport police, returning, had essayed another attack under cover of a ruse carefully planned, only to be driven to their heels. The sole result of their venture had been to endanger not only their own lives but those of anybody and everybody within range of the windows.

"Almost seems like they'd have to shoot *her*," ventured some one.

"Kind of horrible to shoot a woman."

"Sure! But we can't get her out this way, that's certain. And there's no telling what awful thing she may not do, going on as she is."

"There's plenty of food in that house, and ammunition enough for an army."

"But she's got to sleep some time."

"Yes, but they do say crazy people have double strength. And what mischief won't she pull off *before* she sleeps! Burning that good old house down 'll be the least of it."

"Oh, say, look there! Who are them fellers comin' up the road?"

Two figures clad in steel-gray uniform had just jumped out of a car a little below the house and were now approaching rapidly. Something about them, even at this first glance, conveyed the certainty that with their advent the whole situation instantly changed—that nothing that had gone before counted—that business would now begin. The swing of their clean-muscled bodies sent a message ahead. The stride and snap of their close-putteed legs wrote "Finis" to nonsense and mess.

"State troopers, by Gad! That's the talk! Now we'll see something!"

"What makes them chaps look so—so kinder *powerful* like?" queried one puzzled voice from behind a stump.

"They do that, don't they?" assented another.

"Dummed if I don't think it might be the collars."

"*Collars* nothing! It's *fact*."

"Oh, yes, I know. But look here; do you reckon you could stand such a collar, stiffened right up around your throat, with

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looks and metal and all, such weather as this? And yet you never saw one o' them State men any other way, day nor night, not if 'twas hot as Tophet. You couldn't *hire* 'em! Looks like they hadn't no human weaknesses."

"I've got a cousin on probation with the force now," a fourth man put in. "*He* said that collar stood for the difference between him and a slouch. Slouch meant me. I tried to lick him for it, but he'd had two months of their training already. Took me a week to get over it." The voice laughed ruefully, yet with pride of superiority. No one else in the borough owned such a cousin to be licked by.

"Come along, boys, anyway. Let's work down to meet 'em and see what they're goin' to do."

The voice of the Burgess of Freeport, appealing for help in the emergency reported by his police, had reached D Troop's telephone desk, twenty-four miles away, at twenty minutes after two o'clock. D Troop barracks is two miles from the Butler railway station. A train for Freeport left Butler at twenty-five minutes after two.

Sergeant Charles T. Smith and Private Hess caught the 2:25. And if the troop car touched but seldom and lightly on the highroad intervening, no one and nothing was the worse for its flight.

Now, on the ground, they stood for a moment appraising the situation.

"Before we begin"—it was the sergeant who spoke, splendid specimen of a fine old Regular Army type, steady, solid, and cool—"I want every civilian out of here. It's a wonder some one hasn't been killed already. Clear out, please—you railway police and all—'way out of harm's way. I don't want one of you to get hurt."

Every one obeyed alacritously with the exception of one man—Doane, of the local police.

"I'd like to stop and see what you're going to do," said Doane.

"All right, then, but keep covered," cautioned the sergeant.

"But can't I do anything to help?"

"Well," the sergeant reflected, "maybe when we get inside you might call to her and get her attention at the window. Use judgment."

Meantime, as if herself absorbed in wonder at the new move, Mary Kaufman had ceased firing.

"Hess, you slide around to the back door while I tackle the front," said the sergeant, and started straight up the path to the house.

Doane, looking on, felt his heart stop beating. With every step he expected to see a rose of flame at the window, and the springy figure stagger and fall. But the sergeant reached the door in safety. The window remained blank.

"She has given it up, thank goodness!" thought Doane.

Then he saw that the front door must be locked. The sergeant was setting his shoulder against it. It gave, burst in. And in that same instant a shot rang out in the interior of the house. The report merged and echoed on in a curious metallic "z'zing!"

By some strange freak of her disordered senses, Mary had become aware of Trooper Hess's silent and invisible approach. Obsessed by the new consciousness, she had ignored the movement at the front of the house, and, while reloading her guns, had concentrated her watch in the other direction. Hovering at the head of the stairs, she had awaited her moment, her eyes on the door at the back of the hall below. This also she had locked and barred. She saw the handle turn. Then in a second more she saw the whole fabric begin to give, to yield. With a final crack the door swung in.

Mary fired. The range was so short she could hardly miss—yet miss she did, and the bullet, striking down upon the bell of the telephone, added its jarring scream to the crash of the gun.

Both officers were now making for the stairs. Mary, flying before them back into her bedroom arsenal, slammed and locked the door.

The two men, with a glance at each other, stood aside, to right and to left, against the wall.

"Crash!" came a bullet, tearing through the panel.

"Six-shooter, that one!" said Hess.

The sergeant nodded.

"Crash!" Again the panel splintered.

"Let her empty it."

"Crash!" "Crash!"

"Crash!" With the fifth report the wood flew again.

"On the next I go in. You wait, Hess," the sergeant commanded.

"Crash!" the lead struck through.

With a mighty shove the sergeant drove in. Mary stood by the far window, her revolver raised as if to fire. As the sergeant jumped for her she pulled the trigger and a bullet grazed his cheek. He seized her in his arms, his grip closing over her revolver hand. She struggled, vainly, to turn the point upon him, and again her weapon flashed. Doane, down below, had bettered the sergeant's instructions by twice firing his own revolver close under the window instead of attempting to divert Mary's attention by speech. The officers had counted these two reports in reckoning with the six chambers of Mary's weapon.

But Sergeant Smith now held the frail fury safe in his arms, while the revolver, gently twisted out of her clutch, lay harmless and empty on the floor where he had tossed it.

"Hess," he said, "you take her now, while I go hunt for the boy."

"I'm awfully afraid she's killed him."

"My notion, too. I pretty near hate to look."

As the sergeant left the room Mary seemed to relax all over, as though her fighting spirit was fled. Private Hess lightened his hold to give her greater comfort. In an instant, with the quickness of an eel, she had writhed out of his hands and darted across the room. With a lightning movement she turned and faced him, another loaded revolver in her hand. But this time the soldier was her master in dexterity. He disarmed her with careful ease.

Meantime Sergeant Smith was searching the house for the boy. Up and down, in closets and cupboards and boxes, everywhere he sought him, and sought in vain.

"Wonder if he managed to slip away before she locked the doors—before the siege began," he was saying to himself as he mounted the attic stairs.

In the attic was a bedchamber. Its bed was covered with a large counterpane, broad enough to sweep the floor at the sides. Sergeant Smith, standing in the doorway, glanced once around the bare little place. Then, his eyes on the bed, he stopped short and listened, while he held his breath. Another moment and he was on his hands and knees, lifting the edge of the counterpane to look beneath.

"Come along out now," he was saying, very quietly. "It's all right, son."

A pause. Silence. No movement. Then a shuffle and squirming. A pair of copper-toed shoes appeared, much scuffed and rusty, two coarse-stockinged legs, a patched and diminutive trousers seat, a middy blouse, a tow-head buried in a pair of arms. No movement more. The head did not turn or lift. The locked arms were fixed and rigid, a last defense. The whole body was stiff.

"Get up," said the sergeant, very low.

With a gasp the boy obeyed, springing back as he did so, as if to avoid he knew not what. It was a good little face, intelligent, sweet, but deathly white, and ghastly with exhaustion and mortal fear. The gaze was wide and staring, the blue lips stretched back over the teeth.

Sergeant Smith said nothing at all, still kneeling motionless, holding the boy with his steady, kindly eyes. It was as though the eyes were suns melting their way where no words could reach, into the understanding heart. The child's whole life came into his own wide eyes and peered out, tensely questioning there. Then with a little quivering wail he tottered forward and flung his arms tight around the sergeant's neck, burying his face against that stiff high collar that does not betoken a slouch.

"I didn't know it was you! Oh, I didn't *know* it was *you!*" he cried, and broke into long, dry sobs.

The sergeant picked him up in his arms by and by and carried him downstairs. As Mary Kaufman saw them so, one shaft of light illumined her darkness.

"Now may God have mercy on my soul!" said she.

Next week will be published the third of this series of stories. Its title is "Get Your Man"

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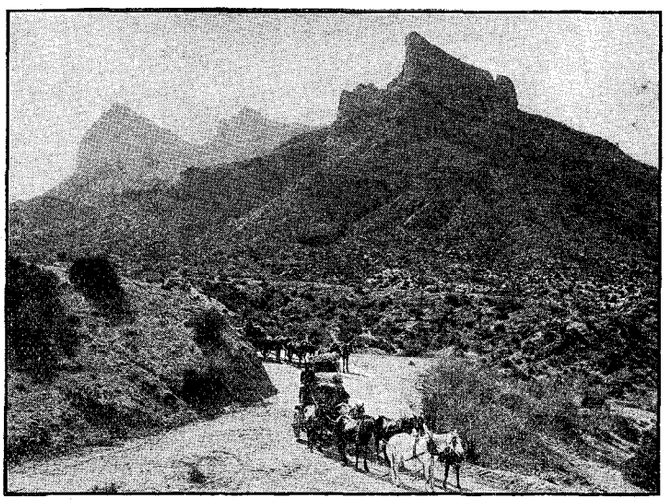
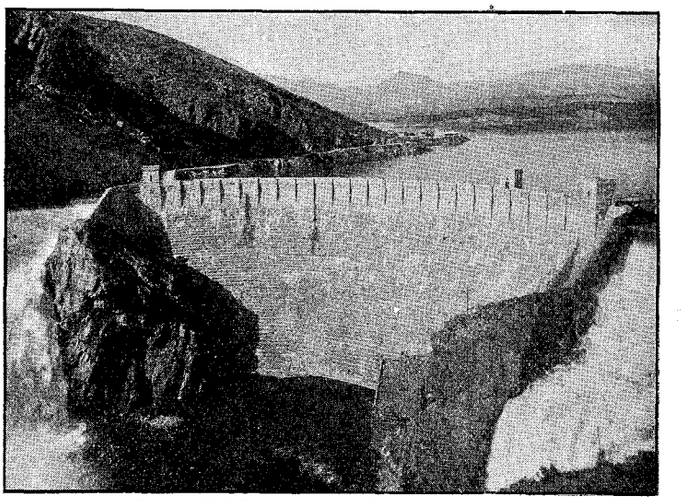


FANTASTIC BUTTES RISE DARK AGAINST THE SKY



ROOSEVELT DAM IS TALLER THAN NIAGARA

THE MIRACLE OF THE APACHE TRAIL

BY GERALD MYGATT

THIRTY-ODD years ago a trip on the Apache Trail would have cost you your life. It was the same country then—the same glorious, untamed, jagged, palette-hued, live man's country that it is to-day, and just as thoroughly worth seeing; but at that particular time there was an Indian named Geronimo inhabiting those parts who was not exactly hospitable to visitors. Geronimo was an Apache in every sense of the word. With only twenty warriors under him, and with fourteen squaws hampering them, he once held at bay an American force of two thousand soldiers and a Mexican army of several thousand more; he murdered, burned, scalped, and pillaged, completely terrorizing that entire section of Arizona and Mexico, all without losing a single man until the final battle, in which his band was ultimately exterminated. There is a certain cave near the modern Apache Trail where one can still see the bleached bones of those who made that last fierce stand.

Such was the Apache country of Arizona but three brief decades ago—a country untouched by the white man simply because it was so wild that it could not be touched until the savages who owned it, who knew its ins and outs, its ups and downs, and who could therefore successfully bar entrance to it, had one by one been wiped from the face of the earth.

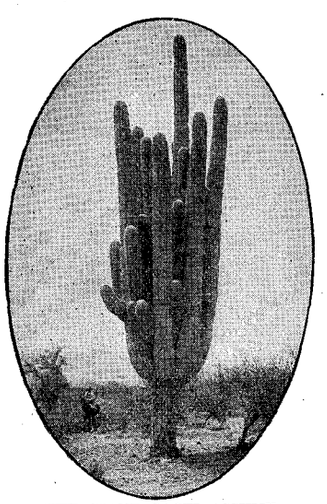
During the ensuing twenty years, however, the Apache trail became passable at least, for the whites swept into the country and the Indians were either removed or educated, as they were unfriendly or friendly. Nevertheless the land was still inaccessible to any save those who had mules and clear heads, and these were mostly explorers, prospectors, and soldiers of fortune. In other words, it could not be called a by-trip for casual tourists. Scarcely!

Then suddenly came a change, and with it the miracle. The United States Government decided that the Arizona desert lands could be made to bloom and produce crops, and the Roosevelt Dam was projected—a dam to impound the largest artificial lake in the world for the purpose of irrigating and reclaiming some three hundred and sixty square miles of the Salt River Valley. The site was selected in just about the wildest, most ungetatable place in all Apache land. And that selection marked the birth of the Apache Trail as it exists to-day, the trail over which thousands of travelers are being carried each year in swift, comfortable, high-powered automobiles.

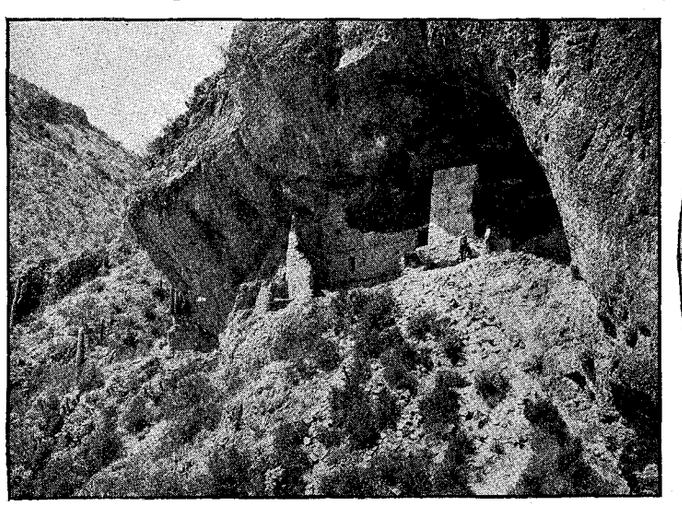
For to make the building of that giant dam possible the Government had to construct a paved, graded, railway-like automobile road connecting the location with the town of Globe to the east and Phœnix to the west—a motor road one hundred and twenty miles long, swinging easily across canyons and along the sides of well-nigh bottomless precipices, topping mountains and hugging the edges of black torrents—all in all one of the greatest engineering feats of modern times. The road was accordingly built. Motor trucks swarmed over it. The dam was finally finished.

That road to-day, graded, smoothed, as nearly perfect as a mountain road can be, has taken the name of the ancient Indian moccasin trail whose course, oddly enough, it almost exactly follows. That is the fundamental miracle of the Apache Trail, a miracle based upon modern engineering science, a miracle which now permits the traveler to see—and to feel, as it were—the old Apache land, to see the most beautiful, most inspiring country, in the opinion of those who ought to know, within the territorial limits of the United States.

Globe, the eastern terminus of the trail, is a copper town of no small interest in itself, and as your motor purrs easily up the grade of the first seventeen-mile stretch to the divide of the gaunt mountain range ahead of you, you leave behind the titan-



THE GIANT CACTI ASSUME WONDROUS SHAPES



IN THE COUNTRY OF THE CLIFF DWELLERS

PEACEFUL DESCENDANT OF A WARRIOR RACE

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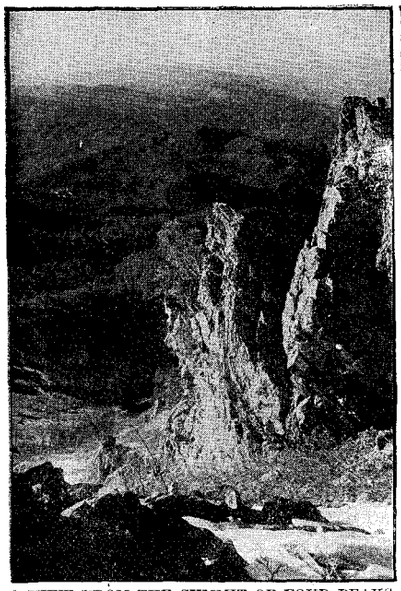
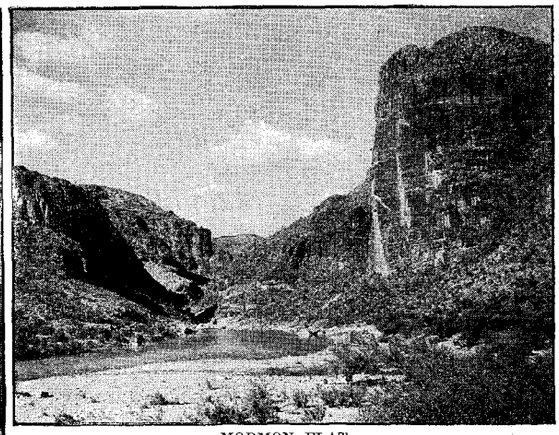
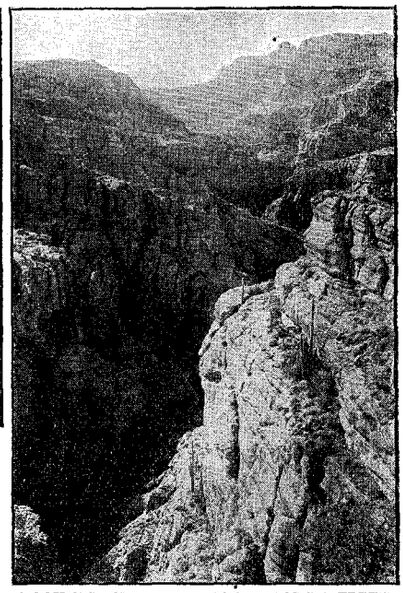


A VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT OF FOUR PEAKS, NEAR ROOSEVELT LAKE



MORMON FLAT



LOOKING INTO THE STUPENDOUS DEPTHS OF FISH CREEK CANYON

like columns of smoke of the two famous big copper smelters—Inspiration and Old Dominion. Yet the smoke of civilization is not what is going to interest you to-day.

In that first seventeen-mile climb you rise almost an even mile, a mile up into the clear, cloudless turquoise Arizona sky, a mile up into the realm of crags and turrets and breathless cliffs of red and orange and purple and green and blue—such colors of rock and sparse vegetation as perhaps you never knew existed before. You are gazing around enchanted when suddenly your car tops the summit and pauses.

In the far northeast stands out, clear as a photograph, the distant Apache Mountains. Miles below, toward the west, winds a tiny blue thread—a thread which you will later discover to be the turbulent Salt River. Before you lies Tonto Basin, with Dutch Woman Butte, the Sierra Anchas, and the Four Peaks of the Mazatzal Range sixty miles away, but seeming little more than six! And, beneath, you catch another tiny sparkle of blue. That, says the driver, is Roosevelt Lake, the largest artificial body of water in the world. As you look at it from that height you are inclined to doubt. Then you are starting your downward swoop with the Arizona sunshine bathing you in warmth and your very spirit thrilling to the beauty and majesty of the towering crags on every hand.

Again the car stops, and the driver motions for you to look upward. You do, and there before your own eyes are the cliff dwellings about which you will by this time have heard so much. You climb up to them, a comparatively easy climb if you don't try to race it; and here if you are not impressed then nothing within the ken of man will impress you.

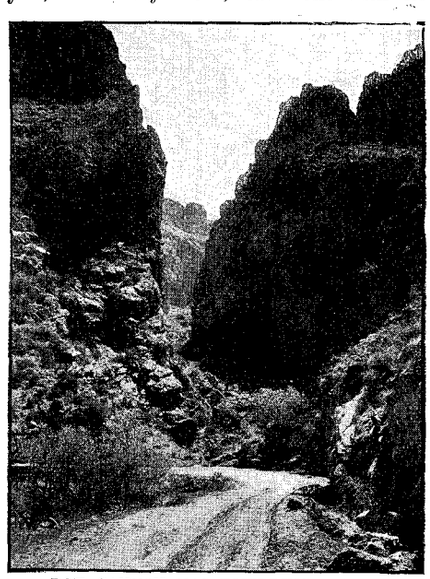
For these cliff dwellings, of which there are twenty apartments still in a remarkable state of preservation and some forty more not so disintegrated as to be without lively interest—these cliff dwellings date back to prehistoric times, when a different race of man, a race widely unlike our own of to-day, inhabited the earth. The Indians, seeing these ruins, called their erstwhile inhabitants the "Little People," and such they must have been, for the ceilings are but four feet, the doors but two feet, high.

No wonder they lived up in the cliffs, where they could pull their ladders up after them at night; perhaps these Little People had to cope with the dread saber-toothed tiger that once stalked the American continent, with giant carnivorous reptiles, and eventually with a new type of man, greater in stature, fiercer of temper, stronger of arm. Theirs was a tragic existence, that of these timid "Little People," and to stand there and realize that these ruins of their homes were ages old even at the time of Columbus makes one think indeed. Only in the climate of Arizona or in Egypt or the Far East could such monuments of a once living past endure through the countless centuries.

You climb down the hill and into your automobile once more. Only a few moments seem to pass before a twist of the Trail opens to you abruptly the vista of Roosevelt Lake (you realize its size now) with its great dam in the foreground, a dam higher than Niagara Falls. The contrast between this monument to science and the eternal hills which hedge it about is something more than striking.

Now you have luncheon—a comfortable, appetizing luncheon—at Apache Lodge, a cozy inn close to the sparkling, mountain-cupped lake; then your waiting car starts out again, this time for the charming eighty-mile run to Phœnix, down the Salt River, past Fish Creek Canyon, around the heart-gripping rim of beetling Cape Horn, and then at last into the inner shrine of the Apache legends.

There are the Old Woman's Shoe, friendly Niggerhead Mountain, Old Big Chief One Eye, Hell's Canyon, Black Canyon, and many more, each one with its legend and story—yarns told to you by the driver in a quaint commonplace of matter-of-fact narrative. But when you come at last to the lowering bulk of Superstition Mountain (Mountain of Foam some call it) you are thoroughly aroused. For about this mountain, you learn, there centers an ancient Apache legend which, in the main at least, embodies much of the Biblical story of the flood. The driver will show you a horizontal line of white rock near the summit which, so the Indians say, marks the height reached by the angry waters.



BOX CANYON HAS TOWERING WALLS

Superstition Mountain is left behind, and then, with the surprising suddenness which gives the Apache Trail no little of its charm, you are whirring through the green-embowered, blossom-studded towns of Mesa and Tempe. And before you know it you are in Phœnix, pulling up at the railway station, with a glorious day ended, but with the consoling thought of a good night's rest on the through Pullman sleeper that stands there waiting to bear you to Los Angeles.

The Apache Trail trip is over, but of one thing at least you can be sure—its memories will never end. The cloudless turquoise of the sky, the inspiring heights, the dizzy depths, the glorious array of rainbow crags, ever changing, ever new—these things will be with you always. Nor will you lose your memories of what the Apache country means, the untold ages it delineates in its strata, its silent deserted cliff dwellings, its hidden caves with their bleached bones of an era of strife now past. Even the giant cacti along the Trail—crude, startling, exotic—are an integral part of the permanent picture you carry away. It has been a day crammed full of new impressions, full of new delights, full of new inspiration. The Apache Trail trip is a miracle in many, many ways.

The Trail is reached by the Southern Pacific Lines, operating Pullman sleepers to Globe in connection with the Sunset Limited, America's foremost transcontinental train running from New Orleans to San Francisco over the Sunset Route of the Southern Pacific Lines. Through tickets to California are honored for the Apache Trail trip upon payment of $15 additional, and this charge includes railway and automobile transportation. A booklet, handsomely illustrated, giving complete information, may be obtained free, from any agent of the Southern Pacific Lines.

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WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.
HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on The Outlook of March 20, 1918

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: Russia's Fate; Rumania Submits; Japan and Russia.

Reference: Page 436; editorial, pages 440, 441.

Questions:

1. Describe the present condition of Russia. Is it fair to hold Lenine and Trotsky responsible for this condition? Give several reasons. 2. Tell what you think of President Wilson's message to the Congress of the Soviets. Would you have said more had you written it? 3. Compare the conditions in Rumania with those in Russia. Do you think it wise and necessary for Rumania to submit to Germany? 4. Explain the following: "1917 proved at once the greatest and the most humiliating year in Russian history." Do you know of other "humiliating years" in Russian history? 5. Do you think Russia made a mistake in ridding herself of the Czar? What are your reasons? 6. Do you think it is impossible for both Germany and Austria to conduct themselves decently in international affairs? Submit evidence. 7. The Outlook believes (pages 440, 441) that the Entente Allies (America included) should allow Japan to intervene in Siberia and aid her in so doing. What is its line of argument? 8. If such action should hurt the feelings of the Russian people, would it be wise, nevertheless, to allow and encourage it? Think hard and carefully, and study The Outlook's map on page 440, before answering this question. 9. What harm would there be in waiting until the Allies received a "call from within Russia" before taking any military action in this matter? 10. Do you think Japan can be trusted in this question of intervention in the Far East? Discuss. 11. Excellent background material will be found in "Japan in World Politics," by K. K. Kawakami (Macmillan); "Japan to America," by N. Masaoka (Putnams); "Our Revolution," by Léon Trotsky (Holt); "In the Heart of German Intrigue," by D. Vaka (Houghton Mifflin); "The President to the People"—The Outlook's brochure of extracts from President Wilson's Messages, which should be read and re-read by all Americans.

B. Topic: Canada and the Food Problem.

Reference: Pages 443, 444.

Questions:

Note—Make this topic the basis of a study of Canadian history and ideals. 1. Mr. Pangborn thinks Canada in a better position than the United States to meet the food crisis. What are his reasons? 2. Tell what the Government of Canada is doing to solve the food problem. How is it doing this? 3. Would it be well for the United States to do the same or very similar things? Who would object? Why? 4. What is Mr. Langley's proposal? Tell what you think of it. 5. When did Canada become a self-governing colony? Tell how its scattered colonies come into a united Dominion. 6. Describe Canada's frame of government. To whom is the Government responsible? 7. What political relations has the Dominion with Great Britain? What powers has the Governor-General in theory? In practice? 8. Make a number of comparisons between the Government of Canada and that of the United States. Which people has more self-government? 9. How can even more intimate relations between Canada and America be effected? 10. Name and discuss several problems of self-government. 11. Two of the best books on Canada for Americans are "The Constitution of Canada," by W. R. Riddell (Yale University Press), and "The North American Idea," by J. A. Macdonald (Revell).

II—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: The Naval Reserve.

Reference: Pages 444–447.

Questions:

1. What is the Naval Reserve? Briefly sketch its history. 2. What reasons for enlisting in the N. R. do you find in this article? 3. In what ways do those belonging to the N. R. show patriotism and devotion? 4. Describe the course of training in the N. R. What does Mr. Potter say of the officers of the N. R.? 5. What is the N. R. doing for democracy?

B. Topic: Wanted—A Budget.

Reference: Page 434.

Questions:

1. For what reasons does The Outlook advocate a budget system for America? 2. Discuss the advantages of a National budget. 3. We are told that no intelligent man would "defend the haphazard way in which the Government is provided with funds for its running expenses." Criticise our present system. 4. Why have we not a National budget system? When will we have it? Don't fail to read "The National Budget System and American Finance," by C. W. Collins (Macmillan).

III—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

1. Germany's booty has impoverished her. 2. It requires an entirely different set of virtues to be a subject of an autocracy than it does to be a citizen in a democracy.

IV—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for March 20, 1918. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning *in your own words*. The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

Soviets, repudiate (436); Canada, homogeneous (443); categories, prevaricate, compeers, irate, bona-fide (444).

A booklet suggesting methods of using the Weekly Outline of Current History will be sent on application

JAPAN

Eleven years ago the JAPAN SOCIETY was organized to:

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POISON OR HEALTH

Which Do You Get From Your Food?

By R. L. ALSAKER, M.D.

R. L. ALSAKER, M.D.

YOU DON'T have to take **arsenic** or "**carbolic**" in order to **poison yourself.** You can do it with **perfectly good food,** simply by **not** knowing **what—when**—and **how** to eat.

FOOD'S purpose is to **feed** you, but it can **kill** you as well. The **best** of foods, when **improperly combined** and **eaten,** produce disease and invite **death.**

The day's menu given below is a truly "horrible example" of how **not** to eat, if your object in eating is nourishment and health. If you **do not care** to preserve your health, this menu will do as well as any.

BREAKFAST

Grapefruit with Sugar
Oatmeal with Sugar and Cream
Bacon and Eggs
Rolls or Toast with Butter
Coffee

LUNCH

Baked or Broiled Fish
Hashed Brown Potatoes
Bread and Butter
String Beans
Mince Pie Cheese
Tea or Coffee

DINNER

Split Pea Soup
Roast Beef with Brown Gravy
Baked White or Sweet Potatoes
Green Peas Parsnips
Bread and Butter
Apple Pie Coffee

THESE are good foods, but the day's menu is so unbalanced that it is practically certain to induce disease of some kind, especially when each day's menu is similarly unbalanced. And therein lies almost the sole reason for nearly all sickness.

Half of the people are more or less sick all the time, and all the people are sick half the time, because they live on just such meals. It is the stern old law of cause and effect at work. You can't dodge it. Those who violate nature's laws must pay—young or old, rich or poor.

There are lots of things the matter with this menu; too many to be discussed within the limited space of this article. One of them is that it does not contain foods which are absolutely essential to pure blood, and therefore to health. Their absence means that the blood is being loaded with poisonous acids that quickly undermine the health. Another fault is that it contains too much fuel-food—especially starches.

This menu contains enough starches and sugars to meet the normal requirements of an adult human being for two or three days, and its inevitable result is to clog and clutter up the whole machinery of the body with poisonous waste matter which breeds all manner of disease.

The digestive organs, unable to dispose of this waste, manufacture it into alcohol, gases, acids and ptomaines and turn them loose in your system to commit murder! Adenoids, enlarged tonsils, catarrh, headaches, diabetes, Bright's disease, constipation, tuberculosis, arteriosclerosis, rheumatism, indigestion—are but a few of the disorders that owe their origin to this cause.

We eat ourselves into disease and failure. The bread-meat-potato diet has produced more human wrecks and filled more graves than all the wars of history combined. Our most dangerous enemy is food, carelessly prepared in our own kitchens! Good food—and ignorance in its use—There is the common enemy of health.

If you get up in the morning with a "dark brown taste" in your mouth and a feeling at the back of your head as if it had been stepped on by a mastodon, don't "take something for it"—get after the enemy in the kitchen. Correct your eating habits. Then instead of getting up "all worn out" and feverish, and with "that tired feeling" pulling and nagging at you all over, you will get up "fresh as a daisy," alert and vigorous, and ready for the day's work. Correct eating will make a man of you. Incorrect eating may make a corpse of you.

Disease is an abnormal condition; health is the natural state. Acute disease is unnecessary. Chronic disease is always preventable and nearly always curable. Permanent, dependable health is the result of correct knowledge of living put into practice. People spend several years and hundreds of dollars to acquire a trade or profession. Health knowledge is worth more than any trade or profession, for everything worth while is based on health. To go through life full of fear of disease or suffering from various ills is not living. *That is merely existing.*

No, as Doctor Alsaker says: Disease is not a necessity, but a fearfully expensive luxury. Can you afford it? Aside from its cost in money—in loss of time—in increased efficiency and earning-power, can you afford its cost in suffering, and in the humiliating knowledge that you are no longer a man, but that most tragic of all living beings, an invalid? **Can you afford it?**

If not, then it is time you armed yourself against the common enemy of perfect health—incorrect eating. For this purpose Dr. R. L. Alsaker's new book, "Eating for Health and Efficiency" is the weapon that will give you victory over the enemy in the kitchen, and make good food your servant, instead of a cruel and malevolent foe.

This book of scientific instructions on healthful living shows you in a plain, non-technical, perfectly simple manner, how to arrange your eating in such a way as to carry out the purposes of nature instead of thwarting them; how to eat for health and strength instead of committing suicide with a knife and fork.

If you want to live, work, play, love and be loved to a ripe old age, it is within your power to do so. Get correct health knowledge and live it. In "Eating for Health and Efficiency" Dr. Alsaker has produced the equivalent of a college-course on foods and their uses in health and disease. **You are not asked to discontinue any good food.** You are told how to combine and eat all good foods so as to produce health. Those who adopt Dr. Alsaker's plan of living, not only learn how to prevent sickness and save doctor bills, but how to live better for less money. *With this knowledge at hand any one can save the cost of this book every month.*

It is impossible to do this really remarkable book even approximate justice in the limited space of a magazine article. The work must be seen and read and its teachings given a thorough test in your own home, hotel or club, to be fully appreciated. And so I will send you this book, all charges prepaid, for thirty days' examination on receipt of price. As to my responsibility, I refer to the publishers of The Outlook and to the Commercial Agencies. My bankers are The Corn Exchange Bank, The Garfield National Bank, and The People's Trust Co., of New York City.

If you really want to know how to have health *every* day and *all* day send only three dollars for "Eating for Health and Efficiency" at once. Follow its teachings for thirty days; compare the advice, instruction, and general health information with the best you have ever received from *any* physician, at *any* price, then, if you are perfectly satisfied with your investment, keep the book; otherwise return it and your money will be refunded immediately, and without question.

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THE CHEST WITH THE CHILL IN IT

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A LINCOLN REMINISCENCE

During the school year 1868–69, while I was in the Washington School, Chicago, an old gentleman visited the school one day who was introduced as Father Brewster. In the little talk which he gave to us he told us that he was born during Washington's second Administration (I do not remember the year), and said, "You will be able to say when you are grown up that you have heard the voice of a man who has lived during the Administration of every President down to the present time." Father Brewster had been acquainted with a number of the Presidents, intimately so with Mr. Lincoln. He told us that during the Lincoln-Douglas debates he attended one of those occasions, and as he stood in the crowd near the platform Mr. Lincoln beckoned him up to a vacant seat beside himself. Douglas was the first speaker. When Lincoln's turn came, as he arose from his seat he threw off a shawl which he wore and handed it to the old gentleman, saying: "Here, Father Brewster, hold my cloak while I get up and stone Stephen."

F. J. GURNEY.
The University of Chicago, Chicago, Illinois.

THE EX-EMPRESS OF RUSSIA

One of the most interesting recent books about Russia is Mrs. Rheta Childe Dorr's "Inside the Russian Revolution" (Macmillan). And not the least interesting feature of the book is the personal view of the Czarina given to Mrs. Dorr by an intimate personal friend of the Czarina, Anna Virubova, an admirer if not an accomplice of the infamous Rasputin. We select two extracts. The first relates to Rasputin's mysterious influence over the Czarina through the alleged cure of the Czarevitch:

"Did Rasputin really heal the Czarevitch, and restore him to health?" I asked.

"Judge for yourself," she replied. "Perhaps you know how ardently the birth of a son was desired by both the Emperor and the Empress. They had four girls, but a woman may not inherit the Russian throne. A boy was wanted, and when at last he came, a poor little sickly baby, the Empress was nearly in despair. The child had a rare disease, one which the doctors have never been able to cure. The blood-vessels were affected, so that the patient bled at the slightest touch. Even a small wound would endanger his life. He might bleed to death of a cut finger. In addition to this the boy developed tuberculosis of the hip. It seemed impossible that he could ever live to grow up. The poor Empress was torn this way and that by the grand dukes and all the members of the Court circle. Each one had a remedy or a treatment he wanted applied to the child. There were always new doctors, new treatments, new operations in the air. The Empress was criticised bitterly because she wouldn't try them all. . . .

"Then came Rasputin," continued Madame Virubova. "And he said to the Empress: 'Don't worry about the child. He is going to live, and he is going to get well. He doesn't need medicine; he needs as much of a healthy, outdoor life as his condition can stand. He needs to play with a dog and a pony. He needs a sled. Don't let the doctors give him any except the mildest medicines. Don't on any account allow them to operate. The boy will soon show improvement, and then he will get well.'"

"Did Rasputin say that he was going to heal him?" I asked.

"Rasputin simply said that the boy was going to get well, and he told us almost the day and the hour when the boy would begin to get well. 'When the child is twelve years old,' Rasputin told us, 'he will begin to improve. He will improve steadily after that, and by the time he is a man he will be in ordinary health like other men.' And very shortly after he turned twelve years old he did begin to improve. He improved rapidly, just as Rasputin said he would, and within a few months

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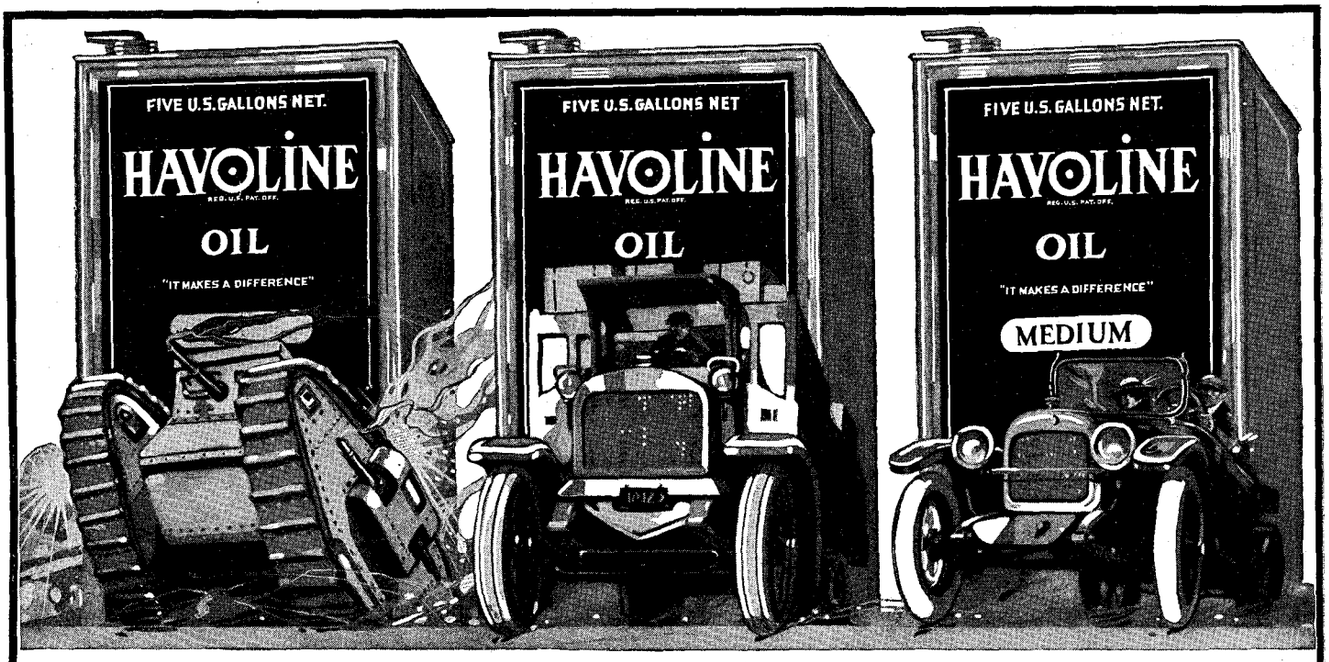

War

The wheels of war look keenly to lubrication. Correct lubrication makes for fighting trim, whether of tank, airplane, destroyer, dreadnought, or machine gun.

Incorrect lubrication makes for destruction from within as unerringly as accurate hostile shell-fire makes for destruction from without. Turn to any fighting front for the vivid lesson of lubrication. This war is a ceaseless struggle between thrift and waste. The motor assets of the nation, whether under actual fire at the front, or in city streets at home, must survive as long as proper care can make them survive. Your motor cars and trucks will stand up longer under the grind of hard service if you lubricate with Havoline Oil. The preference of a vast majority of America's better-class motorists for Havoline Oil is the one greatest argument for Havoline Oil.

This correctly graded lubricant, represented by Havoline Light, Havoline Medium, and Havoline Heavy, lubricates any car to the limit of scientific possibility from a brand new racer to a ten-ton truck that has recorded years of heavy-duty service.

Work

The lubrication of your truck is as important as the make of your truck.

The finest make of truck is a failure in service unless its multitude of engaging parts is absolutely protected by correct lubrication against destructive friction.

Havoline Oil cuts down upkeep, fuel-cost, replacements, and delayed deliveries by oiling every bearing with a long-lived, almost invulnerable film of oil that keeps metal from rubbing against metal. Whether in combustion chambers where heat soars as high as 3,000 degrees, or in the final stage of transmission where stress and strain become tremendous.

The cutting down of upkeep and prolongation of the life of trucks loom important in the conservation of the mobile assets of a nation at war.

Havoline Oil substitutes complete lubrication for partial lubrication. And remember that an inferior lubricant which breaks down under heat and gear-pressure gives you only partial lubrication. And partial lubrication means an imperfect gas seal, hence loss of mileage on gas. It means scarred cylinder-walls, broken piston-rings, broken bearings, shorter life of your truck, and lower re-sale value.

Service

Is your passenger car a pleasure car? Or is your car a hidden sea of internal troubles?

The best passenger car on earth ceases to give pleasure if lubrication fails to perform the exacting services required of it.

It is unfair to your car to use an inferior lubricating oil even occasionally. That occasional, careless use of an oil that breaks down under heat and pressure, exposes dry metal to dry metal. Result — destructive friction, grind, wear, tear, breakage, the expense of replacements, loss of mileage on gas, and less money for your car when trading-in time comes.

Havoline Oil does everything that a first-class lubricating oil should do or can do. It insures a smooth, economical, and efficient development and transmission of power. It maintains a perfect, protecting film of oil between all engaging surfaces. Its proper use absolutely prevents that destructive internal "rough-house" of metal rubbing against metal.

The use of Havoline at all times gives you all the assurance that is scientifically possible that you are so lubricating your car that it will wear as long, run as smoothly, and command as high a re-sale price as entirely correct lubrication can guarantee.

Ask for Havoline in the sealed container.

Havoline greases are compounded of Havoline Oil and pure, sweet tallow. Clean to handle and correct in body.

Indian Refining Company Incorporated *Producers and Refiners of Petroleum* New York

HAVOLINE OIL

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"It makes a difference"

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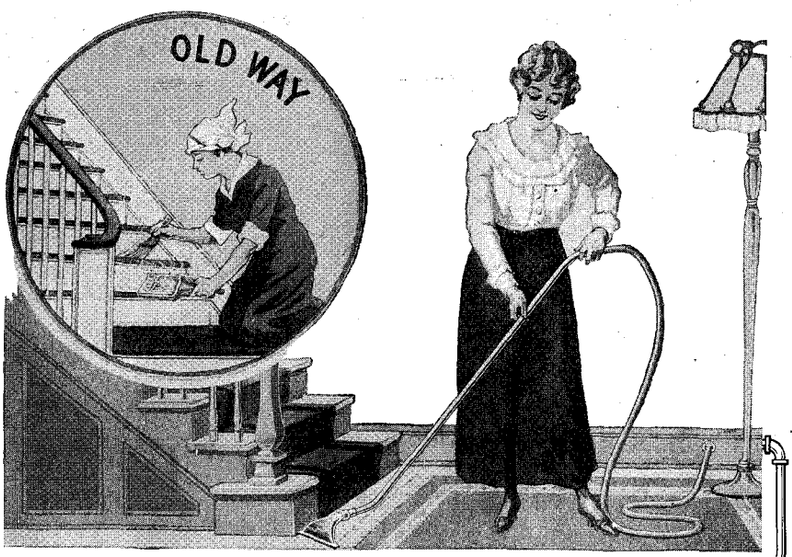


With the ARCO WAND the housewife does not need the assistance of additional help to do her cleaning. A few moments a day will keep the house fresh and clean because dust and dirt taken out by the ARCO WAND is absolutely removed from the house

Avoid back breaking cleaning

The ARCO WAND reaches all out-of-the-way corners with greatest ease. Stooping, bending or twisting is not necessary. It takes the drudgery out of cleaning. It eliminates sweeping and dusting.

ARCO WAND VACUUM CLEANER

With the ARCO WAND, old fashioned back breaking methods of cleaning are gone forever. The ARCO WAND cleans rugs, upholstery, stair carpets, curtains, floors, mattresses, clothes. A few slight strokes of the light ARCO WAND takes all dust, dirt, grit, lint, etc., instantly and pipes it away to the sealed dust bucket of the machine in the basement.

This successful cleaner is in thousands of homes today—where users would not think of keeping house without it.

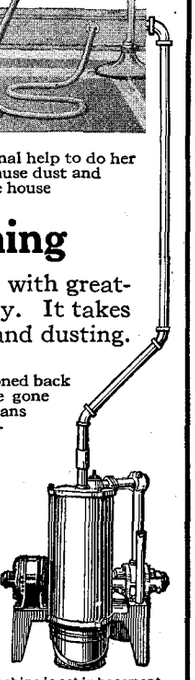
Take advantage of easy payment plan

Our dealers will be glad to install an ARCO WAND in any kind of a building, old or new—and give you the benefit of monthly payments.

SEND FOR ARCO WAND CATALOG describing and illustrating the varied uses of the ARCO WAND for homes, apartments, hotels, clubs, theatres, schools, factories, etc.

Write to Department C-5 AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY 816-822 S. Michigan Ave. Chicago

Makers of the world-famous IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators



Machine is set in basement or side room. A suction pipe runs to each floor. ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaners, hose and tools, are sold by all Heating and Plumbing Trade.

Visit the National Parks This Summer

Secretary of the Interior Lane has officially announced through the press that the National Parks will be open this year as usual. Travelers will be carried on the regular trains and will be cared for at the hotels as formerly.

Let us send you information about the National Parks. Specify, if possible, which Parks you are planning to visit, the length of time you can give to your trip and the approximate amount you wish to spend for it, and we will be glad to send you itineraries, literature, and information. There is no charge to Outlook readers for this service.

TRAVEL AND RECREATION BUREAU

The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

The ex-Empress of Russia (Continued)

he could walk. Before that, when he went out it was in the arms of a soldier, who loved him better than his own life, and would have gladly given his life if that could have brought health to his prince. The man's joy when the child really began to walk, began to play with his dog and his pony, was equaled only by that of the Empress. For the first time in her life in Russia she was happy. Do you blame her, do you blame me, for being grateful to Rasputin? Whether he cured him or God cured him I know no more than you do. But Rasputin told us what was going to happen, and when it was going to happen. Make of it what you will."

Rasputin told the Empress of Russia that her son would begin to improve when he was twelve years old. Almost any doctor might have told her that it was not unlikely that he would begin to improve as soon as adolescence began. Many childish weaknesses, and even some very grave constitutional weaknesses, have been known to disappear gradually from that period. Empresses and ladies-in-waiting are not usually medical experts, but they might have learned that much from ordinary reading, if the doctors failed to enlighten them. But neither Alexandra nor Virubova knew it, and when Rasputin threw that gigantic bluff at them they grabbed it. As a guesser Rasputin was a wonder, for the almost impossible happened and the sick little Czarevitch lived up to his prediction. That's what I make of it.

The second extract throws a curious light on the Czarina's literary taste. Madame Virubova said:

"We [that is, the Czarina and Madame Virubova] read a great deal. It may interest you to know that we read many American books."

"What American books did the Empress read?" I asked.

"We read Mrs. Eddy's book, of course, and the complete works of the great American author Miller."

"Miller?" I interrupted, surprised. "What Miller?"

"I don't remember his first name," said Madame Virubova. "But you must know whom I mean. He wrote many religious and philosophical works. The Empress was very fond of them."

I was obliged to confess that I had never heard of Miller, and Madame Virubova looked her surprise.

We leave it to our readers to decide who among the many American writers named Miller is the author so admired.

THE CENSUS BUREAU MACHINES

In an account of the punching, sorting, and tabulating machines used by the Census Bureau, The Outlook, last October, said that these machines had been invented and designed by employees of the Census Bureau. A correspondent has written us asserting that the fundamental idea of such machines was contributed by Dr. Herman Hollerith, and our correspondent incloses a pamphlet by H. T. Newcomb, who was formerly Expert Chief of the Division of Agriculture in the office of the Twelfth Census. In that pamphlet reference is made to Dr. Hollerith's originating of this electrical method of tabulation. Dr. Hollerith, it may be said, had been in the service of the Federal Government, and was a special agent of the Tenth Census. It remains true, however, that the automatic tabulating machine was designed and constructed by the employees of the Census Bureau and made in the Bureau's laboratory, that the punching machine was invented and designed by an employee of the Census Bureau, and that the sorting machines were rebuilt, necessitating redesigning and a general new construction by the employees of the Census Bureau, and this work was done in the Bureau's laboratory. We are very glad to make this reference to Dr. Hollerith.—THE EDITORS.

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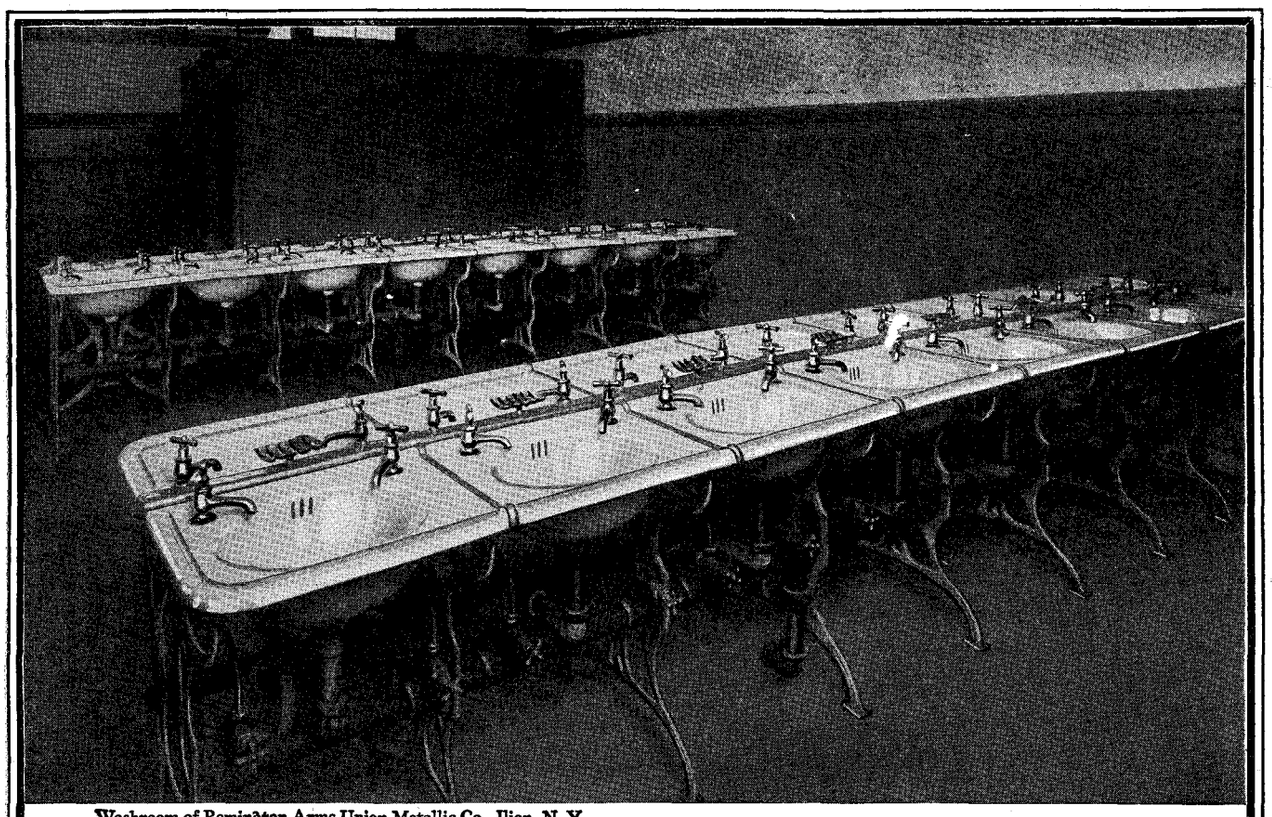

Washroom of Remington Arms Union Metallic Co., Ilion, N. Y.

Great Factory Installations Bear the Name "Standard"

IN the large industrial centers throughout the country—in cities and towns—wherever numbers of men and women are employed and where sanitary plumbing conditions are therefore most essential—"Standard" fixtures are found in factories and plants of all kinds. Our ability to produce goods in large quantities makes it possible for us to meet emergencies in quick time. *Your* factory sanitation problems, if referred to us, will have speedy and intelligent handling.

"Standard" Plumbing Fixtures

for industrial plants represent a wide variety—a readiness to supply any requirement. Our free book—"Factory Sanitation"—contains advice that should be of great help in improving your own plant and increasing the efficiency of your employes. Write Dept. 22 for a copy of it.

"Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for the Home represent the same high standards of quality and service and are shown in a special booklet which you are invited to write for.

"Standard" Wholesale Houses

In the cities marked thus (*) at the bottom of this page there are "Standard" Wholesale Houses carrying in stock complete lines of

Supplies and Tools

for Mills, Mines and Factories—also the Water, Gas, Steam and Oil Industries. Write to, or call upon the nearest wholesale house.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Pittsburgh

Permanent Exhibits in These Cities

NEW YORK	35 W. 31ST
NEW YORK (EXPORT DEPT.)	50 BROAD
BOSTON	186 DEVONSHIRE
PHILADELPHIA	1215 WALNUT
WASHINGTON	SOUTHERN BLDG.
*PITTSBURGH	439-449 WATER
PITTSBURGH	106 SIXTH
*CHICAGO	14-30 N. PEORIA
*ST. LOUIS	100 N. FOURTH
*CLEVELAND	4409 EUCLID
CINCINNATI	633 WALNUT
*TOLEDO	311-321 ERIE
*COLUMBUS	243-255 S. THIRD
*CANTON	1106 SECOND ST. N. E.
*YOUNGSTOWN	458 W. FEDERAL
*WHEELING	3120-30 JACOBS
*ERIE	128 W. TWELFTH
*ALTOONA	918 11TH
*MILWAUKEE	95 W. WATER ST.
SAN FRANCISCO	149-55 BLUXOME
LOS ANGELES	671 MESQUIT
*LOUISVILLE	319 W. MAIN
*NASHVILLE	315 TENTH AVE. S.
*NEW ORLEANS	846 BARONNE
*HOUSTON	PRESTON & SMITH
*DALLAS	1200-1206 JACKSON
*SAN ANTONIO	212 LOSOYA
*FORT WORTH	828-830 MONROE
KANSAS CITY	RIDGE ARCADE
*TORONTO, CAN	59 E. RICHMOND
*HAMILTON, CAN	20 W. JACKSON
DETROIT OFFICE	HAMMOND BLDG.
CHICAGO OFFICE	KARPEN BLDG.

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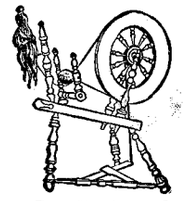
White Dress Cotton Fabrics *for* 1918



Reg. Trade-Mark

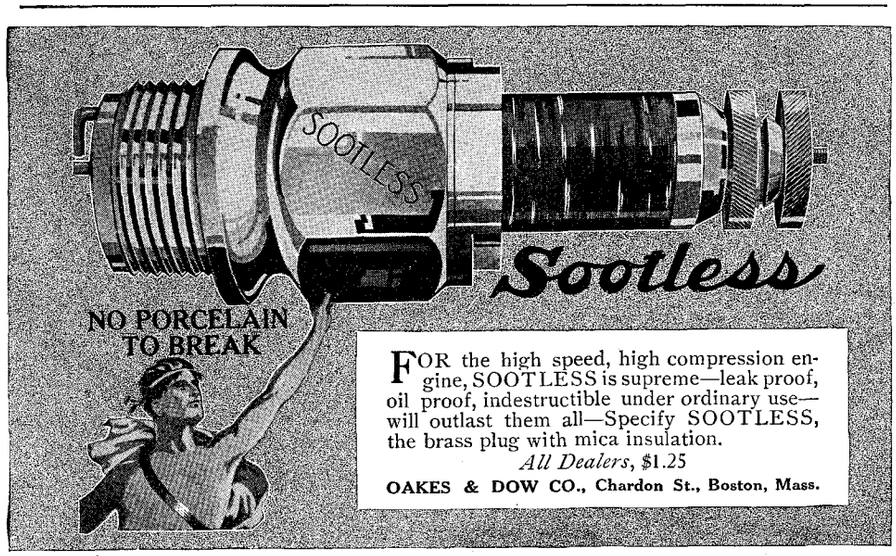
The demand for White Fabrics indicates their popularity for the coming season. We have on hand every conceivable weave and weight for Blouses, Dresses, and Separate Skirts, as follows:

Imported Dimities, 28 and 30 in. wide, 25c to 75 yd.
Imported Dotted Swiss, 30 and 40 in. wide, 75c to $1.50 yd.
Imported Batiste, 40 in. wide, $1.25 to 2.00 yd.
Imported Voiles, 40 to 45 in. wide, 50c to $1.50 yd.
Imported Piques, 36 in. wide, 50c to $1.25 yd.
Imported Madras, 32 in. wide, 35c to 75 yd.
Imported Eponge, 54 in. wide, $1.00 to 1.25 yd.
Novelty Skirtings, 36 in. wide, 75c, 85, $1.00 to 1.75 yd.
Novelty Voiles and Crepes, 36 to 45 in. wide, 50c to $2.50 yd.
Poplin and Repp, 36 in. wide, 50c, 75 to $1.00 yd.
Japanese Crepes, 30 in. wide, 40c to 75 yd.

Also French Lawns, Batiste, Transparent Organdies, French Nainsook, Ecru Batiste, India and Persian Lawns, Sylva Lawns, English Nainsook, Long Cloths, French Percales, Handkerchief Linens, Linen Cambrics, and the heavier Linens in all the various weaves, widths, and qualities to meet all requirements.

Samples of any of the above materials, not bordered materials, will be sent on request. Please state name and price of materials desired and purpose for which intended.

James McCutcheon & Co.
Fifth Ave., 34th & 33d Sts., N. Y.



FOR the high speed, high compression engine, SOOTLESS is supreme—leak proof, oil proof, indestructible under ordinary use—will outlast them all—Specify SOOTLESS, the brass plug with mica insulation.

All Dealers, $1.25

OAKES & DOW CO., Chardon St., Boston, Mass.

THE NEW BOOKS

This Department will include descriptive notes, with or without brief comments, about books received by The Outlook. Many of the important books will have more extended and critical treatment later

FICTION

Biography of a Million Dollars (The). By George Kibbe Turner. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.

This story, while it has no literary grace, has energy and movement. Bill Morgan, a machinist, combines with a brilliant but impractical inventor in the manufacture of a new motor cycle. They make an enormous success and Bill becomes a millionaire. Then he enters the slippery field of corporation finance and comes up against what he calls the cold, smiling boys of Wall Street. In the end he gets out intact, for he has intuition and is a hard fighter. As the publishers truly say, "This is a story of speed, of greed, of love and hate, of ambition and distrust."

Gossip Shop (The). By J. E. Buckrose. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.35.

This is one of those agreeable and entertaining stories of life in an English country town which in flavor remind one of Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford." Mrs. Buckrose is an adept at this kind of fiction, and her sense of humor plays with effect around the curious little mysteries of the novel. The anti-gossip moral is all the stronger because it is never obtruded.

Impossible People. By Mary C. E. Wemyss. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.50.

A quietly pleasing story of an English curate and his wife who are unconventional but kindly and true-hearted.

POETRY

From Dream to Dream. Poems. By Edith Willis Linn. James T. White & Co., New York.

Gardens Overseas, and Other Poems. By Thomas Walsh. The John Lane Company, New York. $1.25.

Hill-Tracks. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.

In Praise of War. Military and Sea Verse. By Don C. Seitz. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.

Nocturne of Remembered Spring, and Other Poems. By Conrad Aiken. The Four Seas Company, Boston. $1.25.

One Who Dreamed. Songs and Lyrics. By Arthur Crew Inman. The Four Seas Company, Boston. $1.25.

Poems. By Carroll Aikins. Sherman, French & Co., Boston. 75c.

BIOGRAPHY

Latest Light on Abraham Lincoln and War-Time Memories. By Ervin Chapman, D.D., LL.D. Introduction by Bishop John W. Hamilton. Illustrated. 2 vols. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $5.

The title-page is sufficiently descriptive. The book contains a good deal that is new. We had never seen before the matter here collected showing Lincoln's early devotion to the temperance cause—appropriate just at this juncture. The author makes more of the Jacquess-Gilmore mission to Jefferson Davis than do Nicolay and Hay in their biography, but, if he overestimates, the biographers have somewhat underestimated its importance. Dr. Chapman's style is somewhat discursive; his volumes would have gained by condensation; but they are not only interesting, they are a valuable addition to our acquaintance with one of the world's greatest and best of men.

Mad Monk of Russia, Iliodor (The). Life, Memoirs, and Confessions of Sergei Michailovich Trufanoff. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York. $2.

Even the French Revolution furnishes no parallel to the story unfolded in this volume bearing on the Russian Revolution.

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The New Books (Continued)

The history of this so-called "Mad Monk" and of his one-time friend, the infamous Rasputin, and of their relations with the deposed Czar and his family, forms one of the most remarkable narratives produced by the present world-convulsion. The publication of the book, after careful investigation, by a firm of the highest reputation takes it out of the category of unbalanced vaporings and gives it a serious value to the student of Russian conditions. The narrative, while often dealing with scandal, is dignified and serious and makes no appeal to salacity.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

God the Known and God the Unknown. By Samuel Butler. Yale University Press, New Haven. $1.

An interesting theological speculation. The author's conclusion differs in form of expression rather than in essentials of thought from the doctrine of the Divine Immanence, as held by a modern school of theologians—the doctrine that the relation of the Divine Spirit to the world of matter more nearly resembles the relation of the human spirit to the human body than the relation of the mechanic to the machine which he makes and controls; and the relation of the Divine Spirit to the world of men more nearly resembles the relation of a father to his children than the relation of a king to his subjects; that is, God governs men by an influence molding their characters from within more than by laws and penalties controlling their conduct from without.

Last Days of Jesus Christ (The). By Lyman Abbott. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 60c.

This is a republication of the Lenten papers published last year in The Outlook, revised and partly rewritten by the author, each paper preceded by a selected poem and followed by a prayer.

Religions of the Past and Present. A Series of Lectures Delivered by Members of the Faculty of the University of Pennsylvania. Edited by James A. Montgomery, Ph.D., S.T.D. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $2.50.

Only the religions which have influenced the world's history are given place in this volume. Fourteen in number, each is treated by a scholar who has made its study a specialty. This gives the series an unprecedented value. Its range and the multitude of its details permit little but general statements. The religion of the Teutons becomes of surprising interest to Americans, British, and Scandinavians. Early Christianity receives fresh illumination.

WAR BOOKS

American Women and the World War. By Ida Clyde Clarke. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

A useful record of the work that American women are doing to help win the war. Contains comprehensive information about women's patriotic organizations that is not readily accessible elsewhere.

Crime (The). By a German, the Author of "J'Accuse." Translated by Alexander Gray. Vol. I. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.50.

Democracy After the War. By J. A. Hobson. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

Note-Book of an Intelligence Officer (The). By Eric Fisher Wood. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York. $1.75.

Old Front Line (The). By John Masefield. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.

Willy-Nicky Correspondence (The). Being the Secret and Intimate Telegrams Exchanged Between the Kaiser and the Tsar. By Herman Bernstein. Foreword by Theodore Roosevelt. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $1.

Which Do Boys Like Better?

Puffed Rice or Flour Foods?—Ask them

You know the need for whole-grain foods, with their minerals and vitamines. But do you daily practice the ideal way to serve them?

Graham muffins and rice croquettes are nearly whole-grain foods. But note how they differ from Puffed Grains.

In Puffed Rice and Wheat every food cell is exploded. Every granule is fitted to digest. So the body gets from Puffed Grains all that Nature stored there.

Puffed Grains are like bubbles—airy, thin and flaky. Their flimsy crispness makes them most enticing. They taste like nut confections. You can serve them morning, noon and night. Children never get enough. And they never tax the stomach.

Puffed Grains supply whole-grain food all day long, and in many forms. At breakfast one eats them with sugar and cream, or mixed with any fruit. For luncheon or supper they are floated in bowls of milk. Between meals children eat them dry like peanuts. They are used in candy making, as wafers in soups, as garnish for ice cream.

So users of Puffed Grains may get whole-grain food in plenty. And in a form where every atom feeds.

Puffed Rice **Corn Puffs** **Puffed Wheat**

Each 15c Except in Far West

These are not mere tidbits. They are Prof. Anderson's scientific grain foods. The grains get an hour of fearful heat, then they are shot from guns. A hundred million steam explosions occur in every kernel. Every food cell is blasted, so digestion can instantly act.

No other form of wheat, rice or corn compares with Puffed Grains as hygienic food. Serve all of them in plenty.

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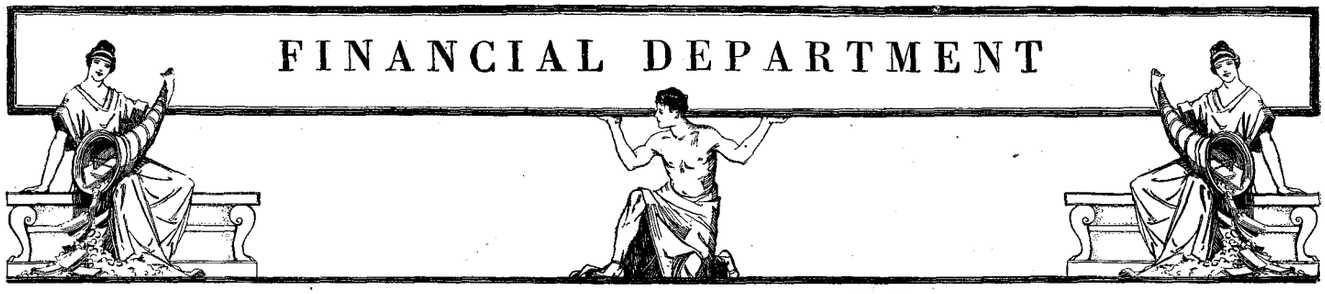

All legitimate questions from Outlook readers about investment securities will be answered either by personal letter or in these pages. The Outlook cannot, of course, undertake to guarantee against loss resulting from any specific investment. Therefore it will not *advise* the purchase of any specific security. But it will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, leaving the responsibility for final decision to the investor. And it will admit to its pages only those financial advertisements which after thorough expert scrutiny are believed to be worthy of confidence. All letters of inquiry regarding investment securities should be addressed to

THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

100% Safety and 6% Interest Income Tax Paid

SAFETY first and foremost! Buy only the soundest securities in times like these. Make sure that the principal and interest of your bonds will be paid promptly in cash on the days due.

Safety being assured, insist on a good interest rate. You need a return of about 6% to meet the burdens the war has brought and the high cost of living.

Finally, buy securities on which the mortgagor pays the Normal Federal Income Tax.

The sound first mortgage serial bonds, safeguarded under the *Straus Plan*, meet these and all other requirements of anyone seeking a good investment. They are safe, they yield 6% net, they are not subject to market fluctuations in value, they are in convenient $1,000 and $500 denominations, and the mortgagors pay the Normal Federal Income Tax.

Write today for our valuable booklet, "Safety and 6%," and our current investment list, describing a well-diversified variety of well-secured bonds. Ask for

Circular No. C-805

We solicit and will accept subscriptions to the Third Liberty Loan without profit or commission,

S.W.STRAUS & CO.

Established 1882 — Incorporated

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Thirty-six years without loss to any investor

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INVESTING AND SPECULATING

SO many letters come to the Financial Department from readers who seek advice as to *investment*, but who are really considering *speculation*, that it is worth while to point out the difference between investing and speculating, and, incidentally, make clear the purpose of these columns.

Among the recent inquiries from Outlook readers the following are typical:

Although the common stock of the —— Railroad is not paying any dividend, I should like to buy some, if you think it a safe investment.

Some of my friends have invested in —— Oil Company shares. This is a new company in California, and if they strike oil there will be a big advance in the price of the stock. Would you recommend that I put half of my savings bank funds in this?

The —— Process Company, which has a patent for treating rubber, is offering its $10 shares at $2. What do you think of this as an investment?

Do you think Russian bonds are a good investment at these low prices?

The —— Motor Company, recently organized in Chicago, is going to make farm tractors. I understand this is a very profitable business. What do you think of the stock as an investment at $15?

Do you think —— motor stock ought to be bought now, or will it go lower?

I have $1,200 in the savings bank drawing 4 per cent interest. I want my money to earn more. I can get 12 per cent by investing it in —— mines. Would you recommend this?

I have about $3,000 coming to me soon from a farm mortgage that has been paying 6 per cent. I would like to get 10 per cent to 15 per cent in some good stock. Please send me a list of such securities.

All of these inquiries relate to *speculation*—not one is really an *investment* inquiry. They have been answered by personal letters, and in every case the Financial Editor has either sent an emphatic "don't" or else pointed out to the inquirer that advice as to speculation could not be given.

The function of the financial information service of The Outlook, as we view it, is to give the facts regarding investment securities in order that our readers may make their investment purchases with a reasonable assurance that their principal will be safe and their interest or dividends will be regularly paid.

To invest savings for the purpose of obtaining a desired rate of income for a given period of time, and later recovering the principal intact, is, as we see it, the normal purpose of those of our readers who come to The Outlook for information and advice as to securities.

But it is quite another thing to put one's money into an enterprise with the hope that a very large profit may be made, and at the same time running the risk of getting little or no return and perhaps losing all of the principal. This is not an investment. It is a speculation pure and simple.

We do not advise against speculation—any one who has saved some money has a perfect right to risk it in speculation. But we do hold that we have not the right to offer advice as to how money shall be risked in speculation. This surely is not the province of the investment service of a National magazine.

There is, of course, a certain speculative risk in all investments—even those of the highest character. In advising readers as to investments, we always seek to point out to them securities in which the element of risk is reduced to a minimum. But in cases where inquirers frankly state that they are ready to assume a considerable risk in order to get a higher rate of income we endeavor to recommend securities of established rank that, for one reason or another, are quoted at subnormal prices.

During the past few months we have pointed out to business men seeking the advice of the Financial Department that the war has caused an abnormal depression in many high-grade stocks and bonds, and that investors who are accustomed to assuming risks and who have surplus funds which they can lay aside until after the war, be it a year or ten years from now, ought to take advantage of the opportunities now presented in the money markets.

Not in many years have securities of the highest grade sold at such attractive prices. Many of the best securities are cheaper now than they were when sacrificed in panics of former years. The investor who puts such securities away now is speculating only on the triumph of democracy over autocracy and the permanency of free institutions. We believe there is very little risk involved in this speculation—so little, in fact, that it ought not to be considered as a factor.

By the same token, we have from time to time recommended the purchase of sound railway securities because we believe that the Government's good faith in dealing with the owners of railway securities is not to be questioned.

We cannot recommend the purchase of securities in new and unseasoned enterprises, because these are speculative. They involve a large risk. We can only offer advice as to securities that have stood the test of time and are generally recognized in the financial markets as worthy of confidence.

At a time like this, when so many good seasoned securities are quoted at bargain prices, it seems a waste of the investor's time to consider securities of doubtful merit, even though they do give some promise of considerable profit.

Speculation is a pastime that should be indulged in only by those who have money to lose. Investment is a business for those who have savings seeking work at a fair rate of return.

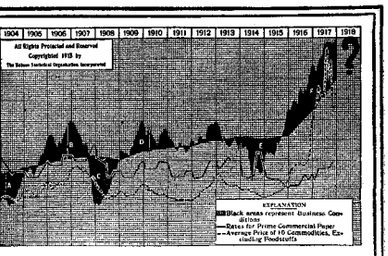
WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

One of the best securities ever offered investors of moderate means is the United States War Savings Certificate. We hope that every reader of The Outlook will become possessed of at least one of these "Baby War Bonds." The Treasury Department will sell no more than ten of them to any individual, but of course there is no restriction as to the number of members of a family who may hold them.

A war savings certificate paying the holder $100 on January 1, 1923, may be obtained from any bank or post-office at a cost of $83 in April, and 20 cents more each month to the end of this year. The blank certificate, to become a Government obligation for $100 five years hence, must carry twenty War Savings Stamps, costing in April $4.15 each, and one cent more each month this year.

No individual is allowed to buy more than ten of these—that is, $830 present cost, $1,000 maturity value. This is one investment that cannot depreciate in market value, because the Government stands ready at any time before maturity to repay the principal plus about 3 per cent interest. Held to maturity the investment yields 4 per cent compound interest.

As these Government securities can be bought on the partial-payment plan, by



When the Market Rebounds

Repeated slumps keep investors guessing *when* there will be a recovery. Babson Service gives you facts so that you can anticipate the upward turn.

Avoid worry. Cease depending on rumors or luck. Recognize that all action is followed by equal reaction. Work with a definite policy based on fundamental statistics.

Particulars sent free. Write to Dept. O-18 of

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Netting 4½% to 7½%

Just as it is necessary to conserve fuel and food and to buy Liberty Bonds, so is it of vital importance that your surplus funds go into *essential* investments.

Which investments are essential? Why are such investments now imperative if you would get the best return at the least risk?

These questions are answered in our brief folder, "Essential Investments," which we would be pleased to send you on request. Mention edition Z.

An opportunity like the present to secure investments in essential industries at such high rates of yield is unprecedented and may not occur again.

May we be of service to you?

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HOLDING SOUTH AMERICAN TRADE

Since the war began, trade between this country and South America has more than *doubled*. For the current fiscal year, the total will probably exceed $1,750,000,000.

To hold our advantage, a thorough knowledge of conditions is essential. There is no question that the South American market is fundamentally sound, and the present time offers an exceptional opportunity to develop its resources and foster trade relations.

Through its extensive connections in South America

THE NATIONAL SHAWMUT BANK
OF BOSTON

is prepared to offer intelligent and practical assistance to manufacturers and merchants interested.

This Bank has formed close connections with some of the largest banks of South America and Central America, with the definite object of promoting reciprocal trade relations.

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A national reputation for conservatism, sound judgment and strength.

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Guaranteed Farm Mortgages

Under war conditions, the ***investment superiority*** of Straus Guaranteed Farm Mortgages is most forcibly demonstrated. If your first considerations are ***safety*** and ***assured income***, write for our special bulletin and Booklet O-18.

We guarantee full payment of principal and interest of 5½%.

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Established 1860 Ligonier, Indiana
Capital and Surplus, $3,000,000.00

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in every line of household, educational, business, or personal service—domestic workers, teachers, nurses, business or professional assistants, etc., etc.—whether you require help or are seeking a situation, may be filled through a little announcement in the classified columns of The Outlook. If you have some article to sell or exchange, these columns may prove of real value to you as they have to many others. Send for descriptive circular and order blank AND FILL YOUR WANTS. Address

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means of 25-cent United States Thrift Stamps, they are an ideal investment for young people.

If the 22,000,000 school-children of the country would each buy a Thrift Stamp a week there would be $5,500,000 a week pouring into Uncle Sam's war chest.

TENNYSON ON THE WORLD WAR

A reader of The Outlook, Mr. Kirk Manahan, of Lowell, Massachusetts, sends us an old undated newspaper clipping which he recently found in his copy of Tennyson. The book has been in his house between forty and fifty years, and of late years has been very seldom consulted.

The words in this clipping, which seem very appropriate and timely in this year 1918, are as follows:

"Gigantic daughter of the West,
We drink to thee across the flood.
We know thee most, we love thee best,
For art thou not of British blood?
Should war's mad blast again be blown,
Permit not thou the tyrant powers
To fight thy Mother here alone,
But let thy broadsides roar with ours.
O rise, our strong Atlantic sons,
When war against our freedom springs!
O speak to Europe through your guns;
They can be understood by kings."

The newspaper clipping contains this curious note:

In "Harper's" for December, J. C. Thomson has collected a large number of Tennyson's Suppressed Poems, some of surprising beauty. Of the one quoted below and referring directly to America, Mr. Thomson rightly asks: "What reason can Tennyson have had for suppressing such stanzas as these?"

The year of the publication in "Harper's" is not given. In 1852, shortly after an attempt to assassinate Queen Victoria, Tennyson wrote two patriotic poems, one called "Britons, Guard Your Own," the other "Hands All Round." In 1882 he revised them. In some versions of "Hands All Round" the stanzas quoted above appear; in others not. Just why "Harper's" called these American stanzas a "suppressed poem" is not very evident. Perhaps some reader can tell. The poem "Hands All Round" is given, with the additions, in the second Lord Tennyson's life of his father. Oddly enough, in the "Household Edition" of Tennyson's poems, published in this country in 1899, the American verses are not included, while they appear in a "Complete Edition" published in America in 1880.

THE ANGEL

We find this unusual poem in Don Marquis's readable column "The Sun Dial," which is a daily feature of the New York "Evening Sun."—THE EDITORS.

One night I dreamed that I was lately dead,
But feared to venture out of time and space—
The double cage that is our dwelling place—
Into a boundless liberty instead;
And while I lingered hoping to be led,
I felt an air of wings upon my face,
Great power moving with majestic grace,
And saw a mighty angel overhead.

"O not for me," I faltered, "such a guide,
But some more humble spirit whom I know.
There was a little brother, long ago;
And he would understand me, having died."
Then said the angel, very tenderly,
"Do you not know me, sister? I am he."

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SWAT THE PEACE FLY

AMONG our illustrations last week we republished from the New York "Globe" a striking cartoon entitled "Swat the Tsetse Fly, Whose Sting Causes Sleeping Sickness and Death."

The cartoon represented Uncle Sam, with a determined look on his face and holding a wire gauze fly-swatter in his right hand, about to put an end to a disagreeable-looking fly on the wall above his head which is buzzing peace talk.

There will be no peace in this world in our day and generation, or in the day and generation of our children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, until the Pan-Germanists, who regard treaties as "scraps of paper" and assert that "Might makes Right" is the rule in international relations, are brought to their knees crying quarter and suing for peace.

The duty of Americans is to fight chivalrously, decently, and to bind up their enemy's wounds wherever possible; but, first of all, to fight him and fight him hard until he agrees to pay some regard to the rights of small nations and to show a decent respect for the opinions of mankind in his treatment of the weak and helpless.

Believing this, The Outlook has been more than glad to publish the anti-pacifist articles by Dr. Joseph H. Odell, which, judging from our correspondence, have attracted wide attention throughout the country. We think our readers will be interested in the following two letters which are taken from that correspondence:

The Rev. S. De Lancey Townsend,
All Angels' Rectory, New York City:

The Outlook Office,
March 12, 1918.

Dear Sir—Our Subscription Department has brought to my attention your most welcome note in which you express your approval of the Odell articles in a way that encourages and cheers me very much. Dr. Odell, in writing these articles, was actuated by the most sincere patriotic motives. I know because I had many conferences with him about them. We hesitated for a long time to criticise the Administration because we did not want to do a single thing that would interfere with winning the war. It seemed to us finally, however, that the public ought to know the facts. We have been pretty severely criticised in some quarters for our course. Therefore a hand held out like yours is doubly welcome. I shall send your note to Dr. Odell.

Gratefully and sincerely yours,
LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT.

Mr. Lawrence F. Abbott,
The Outlook:

All Angels' Rectory,
West End Avenue and 81st Street,
New York, March 13, 1918.

Dear Mr. Abbott—Thank you for your note of yesterday. The pity is that we Americans do not purr when we are pleased, while we are vociferous when we are displeased.

You must know that the Odell articles are the nearest thing to an insurance against a negotiated peace with the Prussian butchers.

They may seem critical, but they are the best support the President could have.

Within a day or two I have written to George Haven Putnam that the American Rights Association and the American Defense Association could find no more profitable material for distribution than the articles of Dr. Odell in The Outlook for March 6th and 13th.

This material might be condensed and modified slightly and utilized successfully as anti-pacifistic propaganda. I have secured scores of these issues and red lined passages and sent them South and West. I know of new subscriptions which have come to you through your determined policy.

There has been no bitterness nor partisanship in your criticism—and it has always been constructive and not destructive.

The Outlook is to-day the one essential periodical in this country.

Yours faithfully,
S. DE LANCEY TOWNSEND.

One of the finest American fighting epigrams is that uttered by Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, Ambassador of the United States to France in 1796: "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute!"

To this The Outlook would add one other motto for Americans: "Not one shot for conquest, but a million volleys for the ravishers of Democracy!"

France fights for peace and is respected by her enemies and loved by her friends; Russia talks for peace and is pitied by her friends and despised by her enemies.

Brethren, let us fight! And let us support the President in every possible way in carrying out his fighting measures.

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL OF CURRENT LIFE
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The foothills of the Berkshires. A restful place for tired people. Good food and a comfortable home. 2 hours from New York. $14 a week and up. Booklet A.
Mrs. J. E. CASTLE, Proprietor.

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Commonwealth Ave. Boston
THE DISTINCTIVE BOSTON HOUSE.
Globe Trotters call the Puritan one of the most homelike hotels in the world. Your inquiries gladly answered and our booklet mailed
O.F. Costello, Mgr.

If You Are Tired or Not Feeling Well you cannot find a more comfortable place in New England than

THE WELDON HOTEL
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It affords all the comforts of home without extravagance.

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Illustrated Booklet gladly sent upon request. JOHN P. TOLSON.

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BOSSERT
Montague, Hicks, and Remsen Streets
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TRANSIENT AND RESIDENTIAL
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Send for illustrated booklet "B"

The Margaret Louisa
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14 East 16th St., New York
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The Manor
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Perfect Golf in a Perfect Climate
Write for Booklet "O." Make reservation
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Hotels and Resorts

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amidst an estate of 2,000 acres, beautifully parked and with a two-mile TROUT STREAM abundantly stocked. Golf and Tennis, which are to be found here, are only a few of the wonderful sports to be enjoyed in this great out-o'-doors.
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(Reference required)
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Finest Health Resort and Sanitarium on Lake Mich., in 100-acre park. Moderate rates. Booklet.

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Beautiful, quiet, restful and homelike. Over 26 years of successful work. Thorough, reliable, dependable and ethical. Every comfort and convenience. Accommodations of superior quality. Disorder of the nervous system a specialty. Fred. W. Seward, Sr., M.D., Fred. W. Seward, Jr., M.D., Goshen, N. Y.

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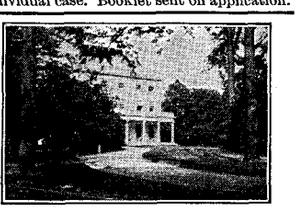
A quiet, restful health resort among the hills of northern New Jersey. Large sunny porch; dry, exhilarating air. All forms of hydrotherapy and massage under medical supervision. Believing that there is a curable physical basis for most chronic ailments, we seek the underlying cause through a scientific study of each individual case. Booklet sent on application.



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Houses and lots for sale on carefully restricted Garden Court Sub-division
Property includes 3 houses from $6,000 to $12,000, and several choice lots
Commands superb view of San Bernardino Valley and Mountains. Within 10 minutes of post office on principal boulevard with excellent trolley service. Lots laid out by landscape gardener, with fruit trees and ornamental shrubs. City water and electric light.
Terms upon application.
E. A. Moore, Redlands, California

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SUMMER COTTAGES.
Fully furnished, ranging in price from $300 to $1,200. Write for particulars. N. P. M. JACOBS, 80 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

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TO LET, Iron Hillside Cottage, with modern conveniences, furnished for housekeeping; also good spring water. Situated between Hotel Look Off and Sunset Hill House. Address Miles Bowles, Sugar Hill, N.H.

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An artistic, sparsely furnished old, remodeled FARM-HOUSE with one acre of land in a high, picturesque village among the New Hampshire hills. 12 miles from Keene, 12 miles from Dublin and Monadnock Mountain. Near lovely lake for bathing. $200 for season of six months or less. 7,651, Outlook.

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A BEAUTIFUL COTTAGE on the Ramapo River, four miles from Suffern, N. Y. 14 rooms and 2 baths. All newly furnished. Electric lighting, hot and cold water, large garage and large grounds. Good roads. For particulars write
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WORKING housekeeper, good cook and capable manager, for family of two adults and three children in country home near New York (Westchester County). Other service kept. Best references required. 5,942, Outlook.

REFINED Christian home, city advantages, reasonable wages, light duties, to willing country girl. Mackay, 863 President St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

MATRONS, governesses, mothers' helpers, cafeteria managers, dietitians. Miss Richards, 537 Howard Building, Providence. Boston, 16 Jackson Hall, Trinity Court, Thursdays, 11 to 1.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED, for next summer, an experienced teacher for three children, eldest thirteen. Must be able to play tennis well. Wages $100 a month or $70 and board. Personal interview in New York required. 5,698, Outlook.

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools and colleges. Send for bulletin. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N.Y.

TEACHER wanted, English preferred, to teach next year small group of children for 3 or 4 hours daily, 5 days a week, remainder of time free. College town in East. Salary for 8 months $600 to $800. 5,740, Outlook.

HELP WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

CALIFORNIA needs teachers with graduate study. Consult Boynton-Esterly Teachers' Agency, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Cal.

TEACHER domestic science, sewing, interior decoration, by girls' boarding school in Philadelphia, October. 5,734, Outlook.

WANTED, in girls' school near Philadelphia, resident teacher of domestic science for the school year beginning September, 1918. Work consists of classes in cooking and sewing. Please state training, experience, and age. 5,738, Outlook.

NURSERY governess. Young woman interested in Montessori principles for little girl 3 years. Intelligence and tact more important than experience. Instruction given in use of materials. Assist care of girls 8 and 9 attending school. Salary $35. Seashore in summer. Mrs. Scott, 2106 Spruce St., Philadelphia.

TEACHERS needed now, and for positions opening September, 1918. Address THE INTERSTATE TEACHERS' AGENCY, Macheca Building, New Orleans, La.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

YOUNG French-Swiss gentleman desires position as tutor for French in good family. Would travel. Also painting and drawing. Highest references. 5,749, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

KINDERGARTEN and primary teacher desires summer position. References exchanged. 5,733, Outlook.

Business Situations

LADY, refined, middle age, would like change of position in philanthropic or religious work, assistant superintendent, or secretary and stenographer where highest speed is not essential. Executive ability, initiative. Best reference. 5,731, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED, by refined woman, position as housekeeper on gentleman's country estate or club, or care of motherless family. Not afraid of work. References exchanged. 5,717, Outlook.

MIDDLE-aged gentlewoman, widow, desires position as hostess or managing housekeeper, preferably in home of widower with adult sons or daughters, where culture and executive ability will be valued. Salary governed by duties. References given and required. 5,735, Outlook.

REFINED woman desires position as housekeeper in private home or hotel; capable of managing help. Would act in capacity of chaperon. References. 5,946, Outlook.

A woman of mature judgment, educated, companionable, the mother of a family, desires a position of responsibility in a well-appointed home out of the city. 5,732, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

MANAGEMENT of household, American Protestant accustomed to very large establishments. Practical knowledge of conservation of food. Country place preferred. Box 82, Coolidge Corner P. O., Brookline, Mass.

BY woman of culture, position as chaperon, companion, or housemother. Experienced in taking care of home. Proficient in French. Willing to travel. Best references. 5,736, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

PATRIOTISM by Lyman Abbott, also 4 verses of America—The Pledge to the Flag—2 verses of The Star-Spangled Banner, all in a little leaflet. Further the cause of patriotism by distributing in your letters, in pay envelopes, in schools, churches, clubs, and social gatherings. 200 sent prepaid for 30 cents. Arthur M. Morse, Montclair, N. J.

TO PARENTS ENGAGED IN PATRIOTIC WORK. UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY. LADY living on Long Island, South Shore, will receive a limited number of young girls from eight to twelve years old, for the summer months. Simple home life, sea bathing, riding, outdoor sports. Highest references exchanged. For particulars address Miss M. C., 1819 Vernon Place N. W., Washington, D. C.

WANTED—Defective persons to board. Address W., Pawling, N. Y.

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Is it For Sale or To Rent?

If so, use the next Special Real Estate Issue of The Outlook, which will appear on April 17. An advertisement in this issue will cost but a few dollars and will reach the class of people who will be interested in your property. Write us about your property and we will help you prepare a suitable advertisement. Copy for this number should be in hand not later than April 6.

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Department of Classified Advertising

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Already you have learned four K.I. Shorthand signs you won't forget. With the other signs and easy directions you can learn to indicate every word in the dictionary in quarter to twentieth of the time required in ordinary writing, as rapidly as words are spoken!

If you can grasp the lesson (at the right) within 5 minutes, you should learn the principles of K. I. SHORTHAND in 5 hours of spare time—after which *acquire speed rapidly.*

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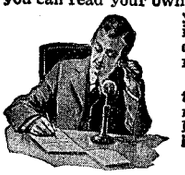
Hindrances of old systems eliminated; no shading, no worry about positions over, on or under lines—and you can read your own notes readily after months or years. Hence **K. I. Shorthand** is valuable for private notes, diary, messages, etc. Used in rapid secret service work.



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With K. I. Shorthand you can take dictation in English, also adapt the system to French, Spanish, Portuguese and 18 other languages, in a practical way. This method is wonderful—so easy to learn that it astounds experts of old systems. It is as far ahead, we maintain, as an aeroplane is ahead of a kite or an automobile is superior to a mule cart. **Prove it for yourself!**

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Most of the shorthand systems are taught at twenty to eighty dollars, and require 3 to 6 months' hard study—a big expense in money and time. **NOW SEE WHAT WE SAVE YOU.** We offer **K. I. Shorthand,** the complete system of simple, easily followed instructions for **ONLY $5,** postpaid. Moreover—and this is important—you will be entitled to personal instruction by correspondence **FREE OF CHARGE.** Why pay high fees? **K. I. Shorthand** is the **GENUINE** and **GUARANTEED.** Surprising progress; make notes as fast as a person talks.

That you may have no doubts, we offer to refund your money if you cannot learn (one month's trial) and to pay **$5000.00 in cash** for a system superior in merit and standing to K. I. SHORTHAND applicable to the conditions under which we enroll you! *Learn in 5 hours; then practice for speed.* You'll be delighted with your progress. **LEARN LIKE A PASTIME!**

Send Only $1. money-order, check, dollar bill or stamps now and agree to pay $4 more for the K. I. Shorthand Outfit when it comes to you. Or save details by sending $5 with your first letter; then nothing further to pay. We are an established corporation, authorized capital $100,000. *Your good will and recommendations to friends are what we mean to have.*

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Make Your Success—Whether you are employer or employee, whatever your age, here's your opportunity to acquire very valuable efficiency at trifling cost. We will mail a pamphlet with further information, guarantee, testimonials, etc., if you desire more information before enrolling; or send remittance today and you'll be delighted with what comes to you. Remember *you are entitled to free correspondence instruction* to improve your capability for speed, etc., in your own vocation. No other system at $5 includes this. Positively YOUR MONEY REFUNDED if you cannot learn; one month allowed. Write to the office nearer to you. Cut out or copy coupon below. Be sure to mention the name of this publication.

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THE NATION'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

Believing that the advance of business is a subject of vital interest and importance, The Outlook will present under the above heading frequent discussions of subjects of industrial and commercial interest. This will include paragraphs of timely interest and articles of educational value dealing with the industrial upbuilding of the Nation. Comment and suggestions are invited.

THE ECONOMIC STATUS OF THE PASSENGER MOTOR CAR

BY H. BERTRAM LEWIS

THE growth of the motor-vehicle industry in America has been so amazingly abrupt that few persons not directly informed have any conception of its proportions, or of the economic consequences that would certainly follow its curtailment. The fact that it stands third on the National list of manufacturing resources has been given considerable publicity, but the public has not grasped it. Steel, the material for our buildings, bridges, ships, locomotives, rails, machines, and tools, comes first; clothing, the prime essential of life after bodily sustenance, stands second in value of production; and third is private transportation—the passenger motor car and motor truck.

By creating wages for a million employees the automobile directly supports approximately five million souls. Capital invested in its manufacture amounts to $736,000,000, and the annual total of salaries and wages earned in its production is approximately $1,035,000,000. By providing a market for raw materials from mine, stock range, cotton field, rubber plantation, lumber camp, sand pit, oil field, stone quarry, clay pit, etc., it contributes indirectly to the support of other millions. By its demand producers of steel, copper, aluminum, zinc, lead, chemicals, curled hair, glue, leather, textiles, thread, tires, insulating material, dressed timber, paper, glass, oil, cement, brick, and their derivatives have expanded manifold, and furnished employment at excellent wages to a host of workmen, whose earnings bring comfort to still greater hosts of dependents.

By producing a livelihood for the garage owner and his workmen its influence reaches into every hamlet in the land, for the garage is omnipresent and the garage owner and his workmen bring revenue into the local market and help distribute the tax burden of the community. By encouraging the manufacture and sale of tools and accessories its ramifications run still deeper into the economic fabric of our country, with the prosperity of which it is indissolubly bound up. It is not too much to say that the motor car brings some benefit to every household in America, with very few, if any, concomitant evils.

The great industrial structure thus developed, which had already taught the Nation new standards in steel alloys, heat treatment, quantity production, and a host of other manufacturing methods and details that are being utilized to-day to the uttermost in the building of superior war machines, was one of the first weapons of America, if not the very first, to be sharpened for war. Approximately two and a half years before the maelstrom of Teutonic hate sucked us in, motor-carriage engineers began the experiments which gave Uncle Sam the Liberty Motor (pronounced by aviation experts the most efficient airplane engine yet designed) as a finished product within a few weeks after war was declared. Motor-truck manufacturers, foreseeing the event, were enlarging their facilities to care for the anticipated Government demand even before the Mexican mobilization, and when the fatal hour had struck were among the readiest of the ready to meet the call to service. Thousands of workmen, trained in automobile factories, have entered the Army and Navy to do the host of indispensable things which no other training would have fitted them for. And as for its war output, how many of The Outlook's readers realize that Government orders to automobile factories total over $1,000,000,000 already, or that the automobile industry and the steel industry together are considered America's first line of industrial defense—our surest guarantee that her man power will be effectively utilized?

The passenger motor car practically alone has developed these resources, for the motor truck is only to-day coming into its own as an indispensable utility, and of the 4,500,000 motor vehicles estimated to be now in use in the United States, but 400,000 are of the commercial type; but in tabulating the contributions of the passenger car to modern civilization we are not limited to indirect services. The institution stands squarely on its feet as a system of transportation which, averaging up its passenger miles per annum, plus its baggage, parcels, and general merchandise miles, and figuring against these the cost of any other combination of transportation methods from *house to house* for the same total mileage, will probably show a dollar-and-cent saving without reckoning anything for the value of its comfort and convenience. Certainly the possibilities are there, whether fully utilized by every owner or not, and, if not, of course the owner, not his automobile, is at fault.

Take the average journey of a hundred miles or so from house to house by a five or seven passenger motor car utilized to capacity for passengers, luggage, and miscellaneous "tonnage," and its mileage bill per capita and per unit of merchandise load will generally be the lowest possible for the same journey. Consider as an example a trip from some Long Island or New Jersey point ten miles from Manhattan to a Connecticut point one hundred miles distant. Suppose your party consists of five people, including women or children, or both, with luggage for all passengers. Assume that points both of departure and arrival are far enough from the nearest rail base to require supplementary transportation of some kind from house to rail, and from rail to house, which is normally the case. The bill for two rail fares, porters, Pullman chairs if necessary (as they are when age or health precludes travel by public coach), two carriage fares (or even two trolley fares, at fifty cents gross) could hardly be less than three dollars per capita at the very least—and it might be four or even five; whereas the average five-passenger motor car costs much less to operate than fifteen cents per mile (three dollars per capita for the distance), and every advantage of parcel space, direct through routing, comfort, fresh air, and independence are clear "velvet," to speak in popular terms. And for the average journey of this description the automobile party will be first to arrive.

As another illustration, consider the case of a low-priced car or used car, bought and operated inexpensively from house to office, carrying three or more people. One such, to the writer's knowledge, costs its owner less than three hundred dollars per annum, and saves its three passengers more than thirty dollars apiece annually against the combined railway and trolley fares they would otherwise have to pay. Incidentally this car saves each of its passengers forty minutes per day—time worth nearly fifteen hundred dollars in a year according to the passengers' combined earning power—and has actually made all the difference to one of the daily riders, whose health is retained only by the nicest balance in the face of heavy responsibilities and an exacting routine, between keeping his present job or giving it up.

And when we consider that the American motor car rolls up annually a total estimated at 60,000,000,000 passenger miles against 35,000,000,000 by the railways, what must be the combined savings of all cars driven for useful purposes the country over, and how tremendously must they overbalance the combined cost of all useless motoring! For it is estimated, and probably with justice, that not more than ten per cent of all automobile mileage is for travel without a useful objective. As a motorist, list the uses of your car. Where does it take you? To market, to church, to business, to the shop, to the recreation we all must have—golf, perhaps, or tennis, the concert, the play; to your Red Cross work, your Y. M. C. A. meeting, your National League for Women's Service duty, your Home Defense drill, your missionary function, your favorite charity, your country home—to every necessary and useful destination in your daily routine. If you were faced with the necessity for retrenchment, is it not the sheer truth to say that everything down to fuel, food, clothing, luminants, and drugs would go before your motor car? There must be at least two million people in this land who have had to choose between their motor cars and other things in order to own cars at all. Perhaps that is true of all but a very limited number of owners—and there has never been any hesitancy in deciding to sacrifice in every other direction before parting with what experience has taught them to be the most useful possession of all.

Suppose we should eliminate the motor car from American life and still attempt to carry on the same range of useful activities by other means of transportation. If the estimate is correct that ninety per cent of all automobile mileage is for useful purposes, there would then be 54,000,000,000 passenger miles to make up in other ways. What substitute could we use (since it must be assumed that railways and trolleys cannot be substituted, inasmuch as such routes are already worked to capacity and, so far as the railways are concerned, well over capacity, and inasmuch also as neither one furnishes house-to-house transportation)? Obviously, nothing but the horse. There are few, if any, idle horses on the earth to-day; therefore we should need enough more to handle this additional mileage before the substitution could be made. A horse will carry two people, on the average, thirty miles a day at the outside, and he needs a Sabbath rest as much as a man. Roughly speaking, we can estimate his average possibilities at 20,000 passenger miles per annum, which is probably much in excess of his actual capabilities. Therefore it would require 2,700,000 more horses than we now have to do the work, and, as a horse eats

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the product of five acres every year, it would need the cultivation of 13,500,000 additional acres to support them. As our present acreage barely suffices for the needs of the men and animals already dependent on it, the economic problem created by such a change of motive power will readily be appreciated.

The time loss that would result is of course incalculable, but, as a rough illustration, let us assume that the average mile by motor car is covered in three minutes and the average horse mile in ten minutes—certainly a comparison eminently fair to the horse. On that basis, these 54,000,000,000 passenger miles we are using in our estimate would entail a loss by horse of 378,000,000,000 minutes annually, or of 6,300,000,000 hours. Assuming that some of the time thus lost has no economic value—a doubtful proposition, but one that makes the case for the motor car properly conservative—it is certainly safe to average the value of this time at twenty cents an hour, or $1,260,000,000 a year, which would be a sufficient item in itself to establish the case for the passenger automobile beyond any hope of successful attack by its critics.

The effect on our agriculture if the motor car should cease to save the farmer's minutes, and keep his family and his labor contented where they are, need hardly be discussed. Some 2,700,000 cars combine their services to better the conditions of rural life and conserve the farmers' working hours, and the consequences of their withdrawal reckoned in terms of these calculations need no verbal embellishment.

And never since the motor car became a dependable device had it such capacity for usefulness as now. We are taking for National service from two million to five million workers chosen out of all walks of life. To finance the war and produce the equipment needed for its prosecution our industries of every kind must be speeded up in spite of this great shortage of human factors. Without stopping to present the figures, it may be broadly stated that the thing is impossible unless each worker's time can be made to go approximately a third further than ever before; and no agency we have can do so much to provide this extra time as the passenger motor car. Instead of suggesting curtailment of its use we should be seeking out new ways to realize on its wonderful possibilities.

There has been much loose thinking in this country based on England's war-time economic history, than which no process of reasoning could for us be more absurd. The motor car has come in for the effect of such logic because privately owned motor cars have in general been ruled out in England. The reason why they should have been ruled out in England is the very reason why they should not be ruled out here. England does not produce gasoline, and cannot get enough for war purposes and for private motoring besides. We do produce gasoline. It is a by-product of the manufacture of fuel oil. We produce fuel oil in large quantities for war purposes. We cannot ship abroad more than enough gasoline for war purposes because the tonnage is not available. Therefore we must either use for non-war purposes about six-sevenths of the gasoline we produce or waste it. If we waste it, we commit an economic sin and greatly increase the cost of fuel oil. We have facilities to store but little gasoline, and evaporation takes place when it is stored; therefore its use, to be truly efficient, should pretty closely keep pace with its production. Could there be any wilder insanity than to lay up four million sorely needed vehicles—which depreciate rapidly in idleness—and throw away millions of gallons of useful fuel just because England cannot get fuel to keep the wheels of her few private passenger cars turning?

Canada's case is the true parallel, for Canada's war demands have been as exacting as England's, but under American, not English, conditions. Canadians have given as freely as the Mother Country of all they held most dear to help the cause. Their unselfish devotion to it is not subject to challenge from any quarter, yet Canada in 1917 was using one hundred and ninety-one thousand motor cars—nearly five times as many as in 1914—and the great majority were bought for private use.

The spirit of sacrifice is truly the war's great message to the American people. God grant each of us may have it seared into his very soul! But the sacrifice required is not that of useless abnegation, but of effective service.

The Red Cross of a Clara Barton is its fitting symbol, not the bloody back of the cringing flagellant. Every man and woman of us must make time and effort go further now than ever in our lives, and whatever will multiply our minutes and conserve our health under the tremendous pressure entailed in the meeting of that obligation must be turned to account as a matter of duty.

Wars are not won by negative tactics. Grant's victories were largely gained by the application of his theory that the best defense is a strong attack. We must work, not wail; use, not store; hurdle our difficulties, not multiply them by applying false remedies. It was not America's Army or her Navy that gave our allies the assurance of victory when Congress declared a state of war; it was her resources, the fruits of her peaceful industry. By those fruits we shall win, if we utilize them. Neglect or destroy them, and the surest reliance we have becomes impotent. We must mobilize them every one and use to the utmost the advantages they assure us over an enemy who would give thousands of men for a tenth of them this minute if the exchange were possible.

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and help conserve the coal supply, and at the same time reduce fuel cost 20 to 30%. You can do this if you use
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Better than a mustard plaster

Once when grandma's joints commenced to pringle and twinge, she used to go to the mustard pot and make a mustard plaster. Now she goes to Musterole and gets relief, but does without the blister and the plaster, too!

My, how good that Musterole feels when you rub it in gently over that lame back and those sore muscles. First you feel the gentle tingle, then the delightful, soothing coolness that reaches in the twinging joints or stiff, sore muscles.

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On the contrary the peculiarity of Musterole lies in the fact that shortly it gives you such a cool, relieved feeling all about the twingey part.

And Musterole usually brings the relief while you are rubbing it on. Always keep a jar handy.

Many doctors and nurses recommend Musterole. 30c and 60c jars—$2.50 hospital size.

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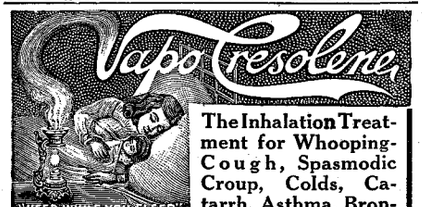

The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping-Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs.

Established 1879

Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping-Cough and Spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the common cold before it has a chance to develop into something worse, and experience shows that a *neglected cold is a dangerous cold.*

Mrs. Ballington Booth says: "**No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp.**"

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

It is called a *boon* by Asthma sufferers.

For the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and as an aid in the treatment of Diphtheria, Cresolene is valuable on account of its powerful germicidal qualities.

It is a protection to those exposed.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 38 years of successful use.

Sold by Druggists. Send for descriptive booklet.

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York
or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

BY THE WAY

Just when explorers were beginning to think that everything had been discovered and that there were no more worlds to conquer, the announcement comes that one of the greatest natural wonders ever seen has been found in Alaska. It is called the "Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes," and presents an astonishing scene of volcanic activity. Mr. Robert F. Griggs, leader of the exploring party, says in the February "National Geographic Magazine:" "If one could pick up all the other volcanoes in the whole world and set them down together, they would present much less of a spectacle, always excepting a period of dangerous eruption, than does the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes every day in the year." Adjoining the Valley is the Katmai volcano, called by Mr. Griggs "the greatest active crater in the world," not excepting gigantic Kilauea in the Hawaiian Islands.

A correspondent of the London "Sphere" who was in Petrograd in January of this year says that prices were then almost unbelievably high. His figures remind one of prices in the Confederacy in the later days of our Civil War. An overcoat, says the "Sphere" correspondent, cost in Petrograd £100 ($500). Boots cost from $150 to $250 a pair. A spool of thread was $1.50. Lunch cost $5 and dinner $10. "In the first-class restaurants one could have wine in spite of its 'prohibition'—$20 a bottle for white wine, $60 a bottle for champagne." Sugar was $5 a pound, flour $2.50 to $5 a pound, and potatoes 62½ cents a pound, while soap was $2.50 to $5 a cake.

The widespread belief among Mohammedans that a man answering General Allenby's description would break the Turkish power, which was alluded to in The Outlook of January 16, is commented on thus by a British subscriber: "A letter from a friend in Cairo, dated November 29, 1917, says: 'There is a curious excitement here among the Moslems, for long ago an old prophet said that when a man named En-haby should enter Palestine riding on a white horse the power of the Turk should come to an end. Now the Arabic for Allenby is En-haby, and General Allenby rides a white horse.'" This letter, it will be noted, was written before the fall of Jerusalem.

Commenting on the "adoption" of a French orphan by a young American aviator, the "Harvard Alumni Bulletin" says:

An aviator's chief business is of course to bring down Germans. When they add to that the bringing up of Frenchmen, they are really doing even more—they are giving a concrete interpretation, a sort of parable, of the American share in the present war.

"Bringing down Germans and bringing up Frenchmen" is a business in which we can all help, directly or indirectly, and the "Bulletin" has summed up our duty in a good phrase.

"Silence can sometimes be heard," said one salesman to another, according to the "Typographic Messenger." "How do you make that out?" asked his friend. "I can prove it." "If you can, I will pay for your lunch." "Well, it's this way: Hearing means getting impressions to the brain through the ear. Now you take a boilermaker or a machinist, and talk to him during the noon hour when the shop is quiet. You'll find he can hardly hear you. He is too busy listening to the silence, to which he is not used. Have I earned the lunch?" "Not exactly," was the reply. "But I'll pay for your pie, anyhow."

Some autograph letters of James Russell Lowell were recently sold in New York. One of them contains this keen characterization of Grover Cleveland: "I have been to Washington, where I saw Mr. Cleveland—a dogged man with the neck of a minotaur, and well fitted, I should say, for the rough and tumble fight that is in store for him. He is of a distinctly American type and yet in England might easily pass for an Englishman. I told him that I came like St. Denis to make my bow to him with the head he had cut off under my arm, which seemed to amuse him." Mr. Lowell had been Minister to Great Britain, hence the allusion.

A letter from Whistler in the sale referred to above is equally characteristic. In it he tells of the action of the French Government in buying one of his pictures, while as a contrast another picture was "skied" in London. "Was ever revenge more complete?" he says: "One work received with high honour in the Luxembourg at the very moment that another is hoist with equally high disrespect in a Gallery in Regent St.!"

The stutterer has added to the world's fun since time began. So has the Irishman. Here is a contribution offered by the twain for the amusement of the readers of the "Scottish-American," from which we quote: "His name was Sissons, and he was before the Court. 'What is your name?' asked the magistrate. 'Sss-ss-ssss-ss—,' began the man of many s's. 'Stop that noise and tell me your name!' exclaimed the magistrate, testily. 'Sss-ss-ssss-sss—' 'That will do,' growled the magistrate. 'Constable, what is this man charged with?' 'Begorra, yer worship, I think he's charged wid sody-wather!' replied the Court's Irish assistant, earnestly."

A misplaced linotype slug in the New York "Evening Sun" of March 1, in its report of an archæological theory advanced by Professor Wood Jones, of the University of London, made the scientist say:

In deposits of the same age as those in which the Taigai skull was unearthed were found bones of Savings Stamp campaign, dingo dogs, and also bones of extinct pouched animals gnawed by these dogs.

The argument that the Taigai man was of a high order of intelligence is certainly strengthened by the discovery near his skull of remnants of a "Savings Stamp campaign."

A method for ridding Western farmers of the rabbit pest other than by poison is suggested by a resident of North Dakota. His township organized a jack rabbit drive last November. There were two teams of hunters. The drive lasted all day and in the evening a supper was served to the hunters. The team that shot the fewest rabbits paid fifty cents each for their supper; the winners paid only twenty-five cents each. A total of 257 rabbits were killed; these sold for $3 a dozen, and the proceeds of both supper and hunt went to the Red Cross and the Army Y. M. C. A. Good work!

A peculiar appeal to the new women voters of New York City was found tucked away under the head of "Public Notices" in the advertising columns of a city daily:

Women voters respectfully informed hundreds old widows Brooklyn poor, feeble, friendless, await wages earned by husbands in Navy Yards. Certified by United States Court Claims. Oh! the shame of it. ——— ———, Candidate for Congress.

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French and Belgian Protestant Organizations Unite in Appeal to Christian America

IN all the devastated regions of France there are Protestant Communities. Their sufferings are great. Their churches are destroyed. Their pastors are in the army or held as hostages. They have undergone bombardment and pillage and lived in caves of the earth. Their houses are destroyed, their gardens ravaged and their trees cut down.

At the breaking out of the war, there were over a thousand places of worship. Some of the losses sustained are shown in such figures as the following: Ministers and divinity students killed to Sept. 1, 1917, 58; ministers' sons killed, 102; damage to church buildings, one million dollars.

There is another entente than that of military forces. We are bound to France and Belgium by spiritual ties. Their sacrifices have been in our behalf, and are our heritage. Should not their sufferings become the burdens of our hearts?

The Huguenot churches have been in a large measure the soul of France. Christianity throughout the world owes them a debt which it can never repay, and which has been accumulating interest for centuries. But French Protestantism has a present and a future as well as a noble past. It weighs more than it counts.

A message from over there tells us that the work undertaken for sustaining these churches, building temporary places of worship, taking care of missionaries and deaconesses, looking after thousands of Protestant refugees, housing and feeding them, calls at once for $2,000,000. This amount should be followed by another two milllion, in order that they may proceed effectively with their ultimate work of rehabilitation and reconstruction.

If our churches and Christian people want to do something effective, looking toward the reconstruction of Europe, they need not wait. They can do it now by maintaining these spiritual forces in France and in her dependent sister, Belgium, during this time of their awful disaster.

Protestant Union in France and Belgium Cooperates with United American Religious Agencies working in France through United Committee on Christian Service for Relief in France and Belgium constituted by The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America

Such cooperation assures efficiency and offers unique opportunity to the people of America for the relief of suffering humanity, for giving increased power to spiritual factors in the reconstruction of France and Belgium, and for influencing the future of Protestantism.

Represented on the United Committee are the following French and Belgian organizations:

Federation Protestante de France.
Comite Protestant Francais.
Comite Protestant d'Entr' Aide.
Union Nationale des Eglises Reformees Evangeliques.
Union Nationale des Eglises Reformees.
Eglises Evangelique Lutherienne de France.
Union des Eglises Evangeliques Libres.
Eglise Evangelique Methodiste.
Union des Eglises Baptistes.
Mission Francaise Eglise Methodiste Episcopale.
Societe Centrale Evangelique.
Eglise Chretienne Missionnaire Belge.
Mission Populaire Evangelique (McAll).

Cooperating with the Committee are the following American organizations working in France:

American McAll Association.
American Huguenot Committee.
American Baptist Foreign Mission Society.
Methodist Episcopal Board of Foreign Missions.

The purpose of the Committee is:

1. To conserve and develop the Evangelical Churches and Missions in France and Belgium.
2. To further the interchange of thought and life between the religious forces of these three nations.
3. To render moral and financial support to the Evangelical Institutions and to the people of France and Belgium.

What can you do to help this work? Please send your check at once to Alfred R. Kimball, Treasurer, Room 605, 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York City.

UNITED COMMITTEE ON CHRISTIAN SERVICE FOR RELIEF IN FRANCE AND BELGIUM

CHARLES S. MACFARLAND, *Chairman.*
EDDISON MOSIMAN, *Corresponding Secretary.*

105 East Twenty-second Street, New York City

A pamphlet with further interesting information will be sent upon request

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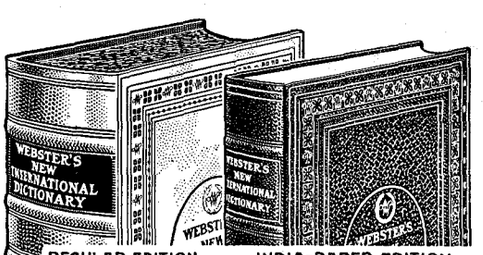

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